The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1937 NUMBER 1192

Contents

The Week 225

Editorials
- Mussolini Offers a New Axis 228
- Books for the Masses 229
- Embargo Means War 230

General Articles
- The Second World War Is Here ..... Bruce Bliven 231
- To Madrid: V ..... Malcolm Cowley 233
- Wesley Mitchell: An Evaluation ..... R. G. Tugwell 238
- The Ghost of the Corridor ..... Henry C. Wolfe 240
- Shoot the Works ..... Heywood Broun 241
- Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 242
- Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 243
- Narcissi and Titian ..... Stark Young 244
- The Bandwagon 245

Correspondence 245

Books in Review
- Discourse on Jewry ..... Marvin Lowenthal 247
- Perfidious Albion ..... Robert Morss Lovett 248
- Man of the Forest ..... Etolia Basso 248
- Syphilis ..... Ira V. Hiscock 249
- International Spring ..... Alfred Kreymborg 249
- Truth Lushed to Earth ..... Richard Vaughan 250
- Man Against Money—Old Style ..... John Hyde Preston 250
- Spies and Labor Leaders ..... Samuel Yellen 250
- Books in Brief 252

The Dictators Meet

The whole world this week has been watching the conference between Mussolini and Hitler in Germany, on whose results momentous events may turn. It is now fairly clear that a new attempt will be made to break the alliance between France and Soviet Russia and create a West European bloc of four powers (or five with Poland). We discuss this scheme elsewhere in the present issue. No one should be deceived by the apparent warmth of the greeting Mussolini has received from many thousands of cheering Germans lined up in the streets. The cheering is done on order and has nothing behind it but the command of Der Führer. Either of the dictators would be glad to betray the other at the drop of a hat if he thought it would advantage him to do so, and both of them know it.

Japan Condemned

At Geneva twenty-two out of the twenty-three members of the League of Nations Advisory Committee on the Far East this week "solemnly condemned" the bombardment by Japanese aircraft of open towns in China. Leland Harrison, the United States representative on the Committee, refrained from voting, but earlier in the week the United States had sent a separate note "disapproving" of Japan's aerial attack upon the military and non-military Chinese objectives. Stern as it was, the note from Geneva expressed only moral disapproval; there is no likelihood that the nations of the world will take any action against Japan through the League's machinery. Daily Japanese air raids continued with unmitigated severity. Nanking bore the brunt of much of the attack; the headquarters of the Chinese Nationalist Party there were smashed and hundreds of soldiers and civilians killed. Altogether, about twenty other Chinese cities were attacked from the air, including Canton, the principal port in the South, far from the actual fronts. In the North it was reported that Russia and Japan were massing large armies along the frontier of Siberia and Manchukuo. The Japanese press, greatly excited, talked of a secret military alliance between Russia and China, and the tension between Russia and Japan was regarded as greater than it has been at any time since the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931.

Roosevelt Holds the West

President Roosevelt's trip through the Northwest to the Pacific Coast, ostensibly to visit his daughter and son-in-law in Seattle, has liberally sprinkled that area with his undeniable charm. His impromptu remarks are graceful, friendly, and there has been a great deal of non-partisan enthusiasm as the people along the route greeted their President. Friends urged the President to confine himself to this informal line and avoid serious topics. He has refused to do so. In Iowa he advocated stabilization of crop prices and urged that this long-range goal be kept constantly in mind. In Wyoming he reaffirmed his earnest desire to keep America clear of war. In Idaho, he told of his plans for a fuller and better utilization of the nation's resources for the public good. In connection with the trip it is interesting to note that the most recent poll of the American Institute of Public opinion shows a majority of Democratic voters in Nebraska as favoring the Court plan, while small majorities of Democrats in Wyoming and Montana oppose it. Through the area as a

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whole, the President himself continues to receive the endorsement of 60 to 65 percent of the voters in the poll.

Georgia Cotton

One way to beat your competition is with fire-arms. That was recently the resort of the farmers of Warren County, Georgia, when the cotton growers of neighboring Glasock County offered wages of 75 cents a hundred pounds and two drinks of whiskey a day to the Negro cotton pickers who had been earning only 40 to 50 cents. As a result a labor shortage threatened in Warren County, with the crop ripe in the fields and danger of spoilage by rain. The Warren County farmers took the problem into their own hands, They kept the Negroes at work in their fields at the point of guns. When "out of county" trucks drove through, the farmers brandished their weapons and the cotton pickers decided it was safer to go on working for their old employers. Meanwhile, from Atlanta the state government issued a statement "repudiating" the action of the Warren County planters, but offering no solution. The chief objection was that the terrorism constituted bad advertising for Georgia in the eyes of the rest of the world; that Georgia was again being publicized "as a state where Negroes are starved and held in slavery." But while the state officials deplore and the fair-minded citizens repudiate, Georgia Negroes in Warren County continue to work under armed patrol.

An Unusual Millionaire

E. A. Filene, who died on September 25, was described in some of the obituary notices as a radical and was criticized on that ground in conservative dailies. It needs only the slightest acquaintance with the facts of his life to know how absurd this allegation is. Filene believed firmly in the system of private capitalism. He was concerned to make it work well enough so that it would not fall apart of its own weight and necessarily be succeeded by something else. He was an outstanding exponent of mass production, low prices and an economy based upon ever increasing consumer purchasing power. His interest in the consumer-coöperative movement took the practical form of subsidizing, over many years, a bureau to encourage credit unions, which was strikingly successful; later on, he branched into more ambitious schemes for a chain of department stores which would have included coöperative features. His Twentieth Century Fund, guided by his able lieutenant, Mr. Evans Clark, has in recent years done increasingly valuable work in the field of authoritative financial and economic studies.

The Conservatives and Mr. Justice Black

Dorothy Thompson, The New York Herald Tribune's syndicated Prophetess of Doom, is deeply concerned for the spiritual health of The New Republic. So is an anonymous editorial writer in The New York Times. Their concern revolves about the attitude of this journal toward the case of Mr. Justice Black and the Ku Klux Klan. Both of them accuse us of betraying the principles of liberalism by being willing to condone Klan membership in order to support an individual who is, in general, on our side of the fight. The only trouble with the charges made by Miss Thompson and The Times is that they have no relation to reality. Both writers take a single sentence out of a long article and imply that it is a full and fair statement of our policy. The sentence in question was part of a list of the things that might be said in Mr. Justice Black's favor, following a list of the things that might be said against him. The point is, of course, that neither Miss Thompson nor The Times editorial writer actually read our article. They read only the imaginary article that they had expected to see written by someone on the other side of the fence from themselves. Their action is not very edifying as ethical journalistic practice and hardly important by itself, but it is striking evidence of the bitter partisanship of politics in these days.

A Look at Civil Liberties

Look, the fortnightly picture magazine published by the Cowles family of Des Moines, Iowa, is the journalistic marvel of the age. Though it was started only a few months ago, it now has a circulation of more than 1,700,000, nearly all of which represents newsstand buyers. It continues to grow with the greatest rapidity, and heaven only knows where it will be a year hence. Obviously, a journal of such vast circulation can be a tremendous force for good or ill. We are particularly glad, therefore, to report that in its current issue it has made much the best pictorial study of civil liberties in the United States we have ever seen anywhere. In picture after picture it tells the stories of Negroes lynched on suspicion of crime; religious zealots sent to jail for refusing to salute the flag; strikers tarred and feathered, or beaten up; American Legionnaires disrupting a Communist meeting; a Harlan County miner whose home was burned because he joined a union; the New Jersey woman whose children were taken away by a judge on the ground that she was radical and irreligious, and other similar matters. The pictures make their case convincingly; we salute Look for its courage in showing the seamy side of American life as well as for the skill with which it has done the job.

Worth a Little Attention

The newsreels have done an unusually courageous job, the past few weeks, in bringing to the screen candid pictures of the war in China. Particularly horrible have been the views following aerial bombardments of crowded cities, showing streets full of debris, and bodies of dead or wounded victims of both sexes and all ages. While some of the damage

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was due to the clumsiness of Chinese aviators, most of it was the deliberate effort of the Japanese military machine. Among those persons in New York who have, we hope, witnessed these scenes, are Fritz Kuhn, Luigi Criscuolo and Ogden Hammond. These gentlemen are outstanding partisans of German, Italian and Spanish fascism, respectively. When they look at the ruthless slaughter of civilians in China, they can reflect that this sort of thing is not only condoned by their admired leaders, Hitler, Mussolini and Franco, but practised as well, in Ethiopia and in Spain. We hope these gentlemen like it; we don't.

Canada Cleans Up the Radio

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the government-controlled agency that owns and operates radio facilities in our Northern neighbor, has just issued a drastic new set of regulations that take effect November 1. Henceforth, according to the summary of the regulations published in Variety, advertising can occupy only 10 percent of the total time. "Spot announcements" (brief advertising messages unrelated to any entertainment or educational feature) are limited to two minutes in each hour, and are forbidden every evening and all day Sunday. No advertising is permitted by individuals claiming supernatural or psychic powers, including numerologists, astrologists, fortune-tellers and the like. Food and drug advertising must be approved in advance by the federal Department of Health. Mining and oil stocks may no longer be advertised over the air. Political parties wishing to broadcast must buy their time, but must all be given equality of treatment. The name of the party and of any other sponsor must be given before and after each broadcast of this sort. In general, all false news and advertising are forbidden; the CBC reserves the right to censor even further the programs of any station, in its discretion. Not all the new regulations are so desirable as the ones listed above, but taken as a whole they will create a situation far better than we have in the United States.

Censorship in Pennsylvania

Freedom of speech has been denied in Pennsylvania. The State Board of Motion Picture Censors has suppressed the film "The Spanish Earth" on the ground that it is "Loyalist propaganda," and a few months ago "Spain in Flames" was banned on similar grounds. In both cases the Pennsylvania authorities have exceeded the powers granted them, because they are authorized only to censor motion pictures that are obscene or that might incite to riot in the theatres in which they are shown. The action is a good deal more serious—as is nearly always the case in abuses of this sort—than it appears upon the surface. The residents of Pennsylvania, we assume, will be able to get along perfectly well without seeing either one of these pictures, however excellent it mey be. But when any board of censorship begins to act against art products of any sort simply because it does not agree with the point of view expressed, or because those products show only one side of a controversial question, then it is time to object with vehemence. No one can then tell where the censorship will stop. In this particular case it is especially disturbing because Pennsylvania had gone a long way toward proving itself a liberal state under a liberal Governor. Now is the time for George Earle to insist that the Board reverse its ill considered decision.

A CIO Trial in Girdler's Town

What happens when a CIO organizer is placed on trial in Tom Girdler's stronghold, Youngstown, Ohio? John Steuben, regarded by his fellows as one of the ablest and most conscientious field workers for the CIO, is being tried on charges of destroying railroad property. Separate charges of criminal syndicalism and inciting to riot are being held in reserve for separate trials in case the prosecution is unable to convict him on the first charge. A panel of twenty jurors was called, from which to pick twelve to try Steuben. Questioning by alert defense attorneys brought out the fact that several of the women in the original panel were wives of Republic Steel Company officials, and one was the wife of a sergeant of company police. Perhaps there was no attempt to pack the jury. Perhaps the girls just wanted to help. Perhaps the whole thing was merely coincidence.

Germs for Totalitarian Wars

Spreading disease germs as a means of warfare may strike you as one of those nightmarish ideas that are horrible to contemplate but would never be carried out in actual combat. German army officers, however, are apparently not so squeamish. The New York Times recently printed extracts from an article in Deutsche Wehr, a military publication edited by former German army and navy officers, that analyzes the military aspects of the problem in a completely cold-blooded manner. (A brief quotation appears in The Bandwagon this week.) After a careful study that cites—rather significantly—Italian authorities, the author concludes that the best germs to use are those of spotted typhus, yellow fever, typhoid, smallpox, cholera and (bubonic) plague. It is assumed as a matter of course that the germs will be directed against civilian populations behind the battle lines, otherwise there is a danger of infecting your own troops. The article says that distribution of germs from airplanes is the best method, for this ensures infection of water, foodstuffs and animals, as well as humans. The recommended seasons are late fall and early spring, these being the times when disease-resistance normally tends to run low. Other factors being equal, germs that attack the nasal passages are favored over those that have to be taken in through the mouth. Spotted typhus, cholera and dysentery are especially recommended for use

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against populations forced to live in crowded and unhygienic quarters.

Landing on the Gentry

Honors fall thick and fast in The New Republic office these days. Only a few weeks ago, it was the Eugene Field Society of St. Louis, making one of our editors an honorary member in such a free and tolerant spirit that the amount of his contribution to the Society was left entirely up to him. Now, a member of our intrepid little band discovers himself to be an American Collateral Branch of a British Ancient Lineage. He learns this from Burke's Landed Gentry, which is about to have its Centenary Year issue, in fact, the great CORONATION EDITION-DE-LUXE. What he has done to deserve this, he doesn't know; but there it is. Perhaps to reassure the hesitant, the editor writes that among the lineages that have recently been traced back to the eighth and ninth centuries are some of families no longer in possession of ancestral acres. "You will naturally," the editor observes, "wish to have a copy of this Genealogical and Heraldic Authority." Naturally. Well, not only can you have one for a mere $25, but at that price it is carriage free. The New Republic editor thus addressed, who had always supposed he was descended from a long line of sheep stealers and deportees, is saving up the $25. Meanwhile, he is noticeably haughty toward his colleagues and shows decided tendencies to put his handkerchief in his sleeve and to go out every afternoon at four for a dish of tea. At least, he says it's tea.

News Notes of a Week

England and France, during the week ending September 28, suddenly awoke to the fact that Italy, by participating in the Mediterranean patrol, would have an excellent chance to smuggle additional troops into Spain. . . . Bitter fighting in the Spanish peninsula continued with the scales swinging somewhat in favor of the Loyalists. The government announced it had discovered and ended a fascist plot for an uprising in Madrid. The Rebels promptly followed with a similar tale of their own. . . . The continued weakness of the franc disturbed European financiers. . . . At home, the A.F. of L. prepared for its Denver meeting with the familiar barrage of attacks on a supposed Communist element in the CIO. . . . Memphis, Tennessee, put itself on the roll of dishonor when its mayor announced that CIO organizers would not be permitted in town. Norman Smith, a representative of the CIO, had previously been severely beaten by the usual "unidentified assailants." . . . The stock market continued to fall as the Federal Reserve Board liberalized its already liberal policy. W. O. Douglas was appointed chairman of the SEC. . . . Serious trouble threatened in San Francisco between rival labor groups, the CIO longshoremen, led by Harry Bridges, and the A.F. of L. teamsters whose overlord is Dave Beck of Seattle.

Mussolini Offers a New Axis

MUSSOLINI'S visit to Hitler has been the occasion for a mass of medieval pageantry, described at great length in the columns of the daily press. Of more actual importance than the visit, however, was the suggestion thrown out in Rome just before Il Duce departed for Germany, that he might be willing to make a promise not to send any more "volunteers" to Spain. This, to be sure, is very different from offering to remove the men he already has there; but it served to bring forth a snowstorm of speculative comment. Nobody suggested that the Italian leader had suddenly realized the complete iniquity of his course in regard to Spain. It was assumed that the idea put forward bore some relationship to his general international policy. But what?

One explanation offered was that Il Duce is seeking to buy from England and France recognition of his Ethiopian adventure both by themselves and by the League of Nations. Repeated reports have suggested that the Italians are having great difficulty in breaking the spirit of the Ethiopians; a story was circulated last week that the entire Italian population of the town of Makale had been massacred. Under this interpretation, Mussolini is seeking to have the seal of approval set on his conquest before the trouble there gets so bad it can no longer be concealed.

Another explanation is that Il Duce, by his sudden overture to France and England, was strengthening his hand for his poker game with Hitler. The Italian and German dictators have plenty about which to bargain—notably, Austria. It would be to Mussolini's advantage to emphasize the fact that he does not consider himself a friendless outcast who is forced to cling to Hitler because of his isolation.

More probable, however, in our opinion, is the theory that Mussolini's extremely tentative offer of the olive branch was connected with his wish to revive once more the idea of a four (or five) power pact. Such an agreement would bind Germany, France, Italy and England (and perhaps Poland as well) to keep the peace, through a threat that if any one of them should be guilty of an act of aggression, the others would combine to defend the victim. An agreement of this character has long been desired by Italy, and its advantages to her are obvious. Her ambitions, on the whole, do not lie in Western Europe but in the Balkans, Asia Minor and above all, Africa. This agreement would protect her against France, with whom she has come to dangerous tension more than once within the past decade; against Germany, whose aims conflict with hers regarding Austria; against England, lately her chief enemy in the Ethiopian affairs and her main rival in the Mediterranean.

To France, the proposal is far less inviting. She would be forced to abandon her alliance with Soviet Russia, at present her chief factor of safety against

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the day when Germany begins her long dreaded war of revenge. She might also be forced to throw Czechoslovakia to the German wolf and renounce her right to attempt a veto on undesirable changes in Eastern Europe.

Hitler would of course be glad to separate France from her Russian ally, and would regard withdrawal from Spain as a cheap price to pay. But unlike Mussolini, his ambitions are inside Europe, and of such a character that France, at least, would very likely fight to prevent their being carried out, treaty or no treaty. No one of the four powers would sign the proposed pact in any mood of high endeavor, but Germany's half-heartedness would exceed that of the rest.

As for England, the proposal is on its surface an attractive one for her. Her present government would have no qualms about sacrificing Soviet Russia in exchange for a firm basis of peace in Western Europe. The British are frightened both of German airplanes raiding across the Channel and of Italian submarines and airplanes closing the Mediterranean, the "lifeline of Empire." They would welcome a solution of the Spanish affair that did not leave Germany and Italy too firmly and finally entrenched both in Spain itself and in Spanish Morocco, across the Straits of Gibraltar.

One important difficulty in the way of accepting the proposed four-power agreement is the relationship of Germany and Italy to Japan. The first named country, in particular, has committed itself to support of the Japanese aggression toward China and potential aggression toward Soviet Russia. Peace in Europe can be only fictitious while the East is ablaze. Even if Japan should win her present war, Chinese resentment would continue to smolder and some day break out again. Great Britain, especially, is not likely to forget the Orient in considering European plans.

Another great obstacle is, to put it bluntly, that neither Germany nor Italy has given the world any reason to believe she will live up to her agreements one moment longer than it suits her convenience to do so. Germany, almost from the moment Hitler came to power, has been engaged in tearing up her international obligations, one by one. Italy did exactly the same thing when she went to war with Ethiopia.

One of the few lessons the world has learned in the past two decades is that international treaties are respected only if, and as long as, they accord with the desires of the signatory powers. Over and over again, during the twenties, we saw treaties of collective security signed in Europe. Over and over again, these treaties shriveled away into nothingness because they ran counter to the claims of *Realpolitik*. In our opinion, such a pact as Mussolini proposes, assuming it would be carried out, would be a Class A world disaster. It would open the way for a "holy war" against Soviet Russia. It would mean a fascist triumph over the forces of democracy. We strongly doubt whether it will ever be signed; but if it is, for the reasons indicated above, we do not believe it would ever become a vital force in world history. Nations do not keep the peace because of promises to do so, but only because their national policies, supported by their populations, look in the direction of peace. And fascism looks only toward war.

Books for the Masses

IS THERE a mass market for books in America? A great deal of the publishing in this country is conducted on the tacit assumption that there is not. This lends all the more interest to an experiment being made by Modern Age Books, Inc., which is trying to find a mass audience for well written books at low prices.

One innovation is the choice of outlets. Instead of distributing only through bookstores—which in this country are patronized primarily by a well-to-do audience—Modern Age Books will also sell its publications through newsstands and drugstores, just like magazines and at approximately the same prices. Most volumes are priced at 25 cents or 35 cents. There is, of course, an enormous market for magazines in this country and the new venture hopes to obtain something of the same ready acceptance for low-priced books. Modern Age books are issued in durable paper bindings, are fitted with dust jackets and a number of titles are also available in cloth bindings.

The titles themselves show intelligent selection. Progressive social and political ideas are embodied specifically in a number of books and are implicit in the whole venture. They are not made obtrusive, however, and the collection is poles removed from ideological tracts and partisan harangues. There is a liberal sprinkling of books—indeed they seem almost a majority—that are intended for entertainment purposes, including romantic fiction, detective stories and books for children. There are also many reprints—most of which, so it seems to us, are too much on the highbrow side to reach an audience of a hundred thousand. The new books—including "The Labor Spy Racket," by Leo Huberman, and "Men of Labor," by Bruce Minton and John Stuart—are chosen with more discretion.

Will the venture succeed? That is a question that depends largely on the good judgment of the editors. Certainly the spread of high-school and college education in America has produced a big new audience. Certainly that audience has not yet acquired the habit of buying books. If Modern Age Books can give them the habit, through their amazingly low prices, then they will have done something that the regular publishers have scarcely even attempted. The first week or two of the venture indicated that success was certainly not impossible. Only a few days after the first group of volumes went on sale, four of them had been entirely sold out in New York City, and a large new edition of each had been rushed to press. The publishers' stock of the com-

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plete list was exhausted, though most of the titles were still available in the hands of the retailers. Such a record deserves the respectful attention of everyone interested, from any standpoint, in the publishing of books.

Embargo Means War

THE Japanese actions in the Far East continue to shock the entire civilized world. It is quite true, as John T. Flynn points out in this issue, that war is always brutal and that attempts to restrict its murderous operations are sure to fail. Nevertheless, Japan's actions have already had some repercussions that she certainly did not expect.

Seven of the leading powers of the world have protested against the bombing of Nanking. Among them is Soviet Russia, which has sent a stiff note announcing that Japan will be held fully responsible if any members of the Soviet Embassy staff should be killed or injured "whether intentionally or accidentally." Japan, apparently surprised at this quite natural development, has replied with a masterpiece of disingenuousness. Nowhere in China, she says, have her airplanes deliberately bombed civilians. They have in all cases attacked military works and if civilians have insisted on getting in the way, that is just too bad. When it was pointed out that, in one case, bombs were dropped on a mass of houses at least four miles from any military objective, the Japanese spokesman observed that he had "no reports" about this. Foreign correspondents in both China and Japan have a different interpretation of what has been happening. They believe Japan has only sufficient resources, military, financial and economic, for a short war. She fears that if the struggle is long continued and her exhaustion becomes apparent, Soviet Russia may enter the conflict as China's ally. In the effort to produce an immediate knockout blow, she is indulging in a reign of "frightfulness" directed against China.

It is only natural that people in other countries, viewing with horror the wanton destruction of life, should feel the impulse to "do something about it." Every editor is receiving letters from his subscribers demanding that the powers should get together and "stop Japan." Unfortunately, the matter is not quite so simple as these correspondents seem to suppose. It is easy to say in general terms that the nations should act together to bring economic and financial pressure upon an aggressor. It is a very different matter when you begin to ask just which nations are to bring the pressure to bear, and through precisely what means. Some important powers are in sympathy with the aggressor and would continue to trade with him no matter how rigorous the embargoes others sought to apply. Certain countries, in general favorable to the idea of action against an aggressor, would plead that they simply could not afford, in view of their commitments elsewhere, to run the risk of entanglement. Any country with a government like that of the United States, which sought to suspend trade as a punitive measure, would find its authorities put under the most tremendous pressure from those private interests at home that were disadvantaged through the restrictions enforced.

These objections, it should be noted, do not apply to individual boycotts by private persons or associations. If you disapprove of what Japan is doing, there is no reason why you should not refrain from purchasing Japanese goods—provided you can identify them. (In Central America, it was reported the other day, Japanese traders solved the problem by selling large quantities of goods labeled "made in the U.S.A.")

But there is a world of difference between private boycotts of this character and the sort of embargo by international agreement contemplated in the scheme for League of Nations "sanctions." It should be repeated over and over, until it is burned into the public consciousness, that embargoes of this kind, which imply the attempt to cut off all trade and isolate the victim within a ring of steel are tantamount to a declaration of war. There is every reason to believe that if they were effective they would mean starvation for much of the population of the power against whom they were invoked. One needs only the most elementary understanding of human nature to see that such treatment, instead of breaking the will to resistance, would strengthen it—just as airplane bombing of civilians does. An embargo not strong enough to bring this effect would be worse than none, since it would engender the hatred, perhaps produce a declaration of war and yet fail to accomplish the indicated purpose.

If the Far Eastern war goes on, Japan will break; and it now looks as though it would continue for many months. With peace maintained so precariously in Western Europe, it would be inconceivable folly for us to allow our moral indignation to sweep us off our feet. Private boycott is a legitimate expression of private opinion; but public boycott, in the form of concerted international action, can only mean war.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1937, IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

ASSISTANT EDITORS

T. R. CARSKADON OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

TREASURER: DANIEL MEBANE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

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The Second World War Is Here

IT IS a commonplace of history that participants in those momentous events which change mankind's subsequent life rarely realize what is happening. The record of the past is full of diary entries of persons who live through great days preoccupied with a cold in the head or the fact that a pet dog has distemper. It is quite possible that we are experiencing something of the sort at the present time. People ask casually whether there is danger of another world war or, showing more pessimism, when it is likely to begin. I think a good case can be made for the contention that it has begun.

Like most disputed matters, this one goes back to a question of definition: What do we mean by a world war? We mean, I should say, a conflict in which most of the chief powers are either already engaged or seem likely to join before it has closed. Even the Great War of 1914-18 did not represent the unanimous folly of all mankind; there were many countries, notably in South America, that remained neutral to the end, and some of the important belligerents did not join until years after the fighting had started.

Today, at least six nations are struggling in the Spanish Peninsula. Italians, Germans, Portuguese and Moors support the Fascist rebellion of General Franco. On the Loyalist side are fighting men from a score of countries, but those nations most closely engaged, in the supply of either men or materials, are Soviet Russia and France. In the Far East we are likely to see a similar story. Should the war there prove a long, hard struggle, it would be a miracle if Germany and Italy did not come to the aid of Japan. It would be equally a miracle if Soviet Russia did not also supply war material to China, particularly since Nanking has at last made peace with the Chinese Soviets. The campaigns in Spain and China are two salients of the same battle; or if you prefer, are two fuses extending in opposite directions from the central powder mine, both lighted and burning in toward the ultimate explosion.

While some important exceptions should be noted, this Second World War in its present phase is mainly a fight between fascism and communism, with fascism acting as the aggressor. The fascist philosophy is fundamentally a ramp leading upward to a military struggle in which the individual can immolate himself for the supposed good of the state, which is why every fascist government is a steadily increasing threat to peace.

The fear of German and Japanese invasion has caused Soviet Russia, in the past five years, to drop everything else and center her whole effort upon military preparation. To do this has damaged her socialist experiment to a degree that we cannot yet appreciate, a degree that may prove one of the deep tragedies of all history. Part of the price was an end of Russia's isolation, an alliance with bourgeois France and entry into that much derided capitalist sewing circle, the League of Nations.

Even in the Far East, Japan seeks to justify her aggression against China on the ground that she is fighting the "Red menace." The irony of the situation is that when she began her war, the Nanking government against whom she is fighting was itself engaged in a struggle with the Chinese Communists. The Japanese pressure has caused the internal dispute in China to be ended; the Chinese Communists have moved somewhat to the right and Nanking has promised to move substantially to the left. To a certain extent, Japan has breathed life into her own bogey. (It is of course nonsense to speak of a "Red menace" as though it were on all fours with the menace of a country devoted to exploitative, imperialist capitalism. All that Soviet Russia ever tried to do in any country, even before she entered her present stage of staying at home and minding her own business, was to persuade the workers in that country to take over its industrial and political organization on behalf of the whole mass of the people.)

In the fascist bloc we see as immediately active participants Japan, Germany, Italy and Portugal. Not yet directly engaged but hovering on the brink are Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece. Jugoslavia, Poland and Turkey are dominated by fascist ideas, but for various reasons in each case have not openly espoused the central bloc. Strongly sympathetic are several Central and South American countries which are zealously imitating the German model—notably Brazil.

On the other side are of course China, Soviet Russia and Loyalist Spain, the last receiving also aid from Mexico. France, through her present People's Front government, sympathizes strongly with this group, but is constantly hampered and held back by Great Britain, to whom she feels she must cling, at any cost. As for the British, their foreign policy is a stalemate, a fact which, oddly enough, causes it to resemble their traditional policy during the nineteenth century, when they sought to maintain the balance of power in Europe.

The British allowed the technological advance in armament to catch them napping. They permitted new weapons, and notably the airplane, to be developed by Germany and Italy to such a degree that Britain was no longer mistress of the seas and the unquestioned Number One nation of the Eastern Hemisphere. Since this painful discovery, Britain has been doing her best to catch up, spending money on rearmament at a rate for which the American

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equivalent would be more than $4,000,000,000 per year. She is exerting every effort meanwhile to avoid being drawn too soon into open war. Part of the price she has had to pay is the virtual scrapping of the League of Nations, an institution that has in the past operated to her great advantage. Another part is the maintenance of a monstrous series of international fictions—hypocrisy on a mass-production scale—reaching its climax when the Italian navy was solemnly invited to help in the search for Italian submarines preying on Russian ships carrying war supplies to Spain.

Left to themselves, the English under their present government would, I think, join the Fascist bloc. (A real Labor Cabinet would be a different story.) They have small love for the French, whom they have been fighting sporadically for eight hundred years. Their conservative leaders are of course opposed to communism and are disposed to regard the political heads of Soviet Russia as a pack of Oriental upstarts. As for China, England a hundred years ago was doing there very much what Japan is doing today, and her ruling class would object quite as much as Japan's to any doctrine of "China for the Chinese." Moreover, Britain long had an alliance with Japan, and got along well under it.

Today, however, there are complicating factors. The British feel that Hitler and Mussolini are "too cocky by half." They were deeply shocked by Hitler's famous blood purge of June 30, 1934. They were profoundly disturbed when Mussolini, early in the Ethiopian affair, indicated that he considers the Mediterranean an Italian lake. The British believe, with ample justification, that an alliance with either Hitler or Mussolini is almost impossible for the simple reason that neither can be trusted to live up to his word. Also, for strictly business reasons, with all sentimentality barred, England feels it is important to remain friendly with the remote, rather naïve, but powerful citizens of the United States, whose dislike of both Germany and Italy is well known. In short, Great Britain is confronted by such a difficult choice that we can hardly blame her for refusing as yet to make it, and even pretending that the necessity does not exist.

Meanwhile, the guns thunder and blood is spilled both East and West. In China, as in Spain, we are seeing a new phenomenon of undeclared war. The reasons, however, are not quite the same. Japan makes no declaration because: (1) she seeks thereby to avoid the penalties of the American Neutrality Act and of the League Covenant (despite the fact that she is no longer a member of the Geneva body); (2) she hopes thus to minimize the odium that must come to her for violating the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty; (3) by avoiding a declaration of war, she is better able to keep up for her population the pretense that this is just a punitive expedition, on a small scale and soon to be ended; (4) a private war can be ended by a secret peace, without interference from outsiders who might otherwise insist upon being participants.

In Spain, of course, there is another important reason why Germany and Italy have not confessed they are at war. To do so would enhance the danger of a full-scale conflict throughout Europe, for which neither of them is yet ready. It would also mean that the German and Italian populations could no longer be kept in ignorance of what is going on. Even today, reliable reports tell us that there are many thousands in the fascist lands who have no idea how many of their fellows are fighting in Spain, or of the grave reverses they have met.

Another advantage of a small and only semi-official war is that it permits many tentative experiments with new apparatus and techniques. The Germans, in particular, have sent to Spain all kinds of new equipment, including tanks, artillery, anti-aircraft guns and airplanes. These have been closely watched in operation and full reports made. Some of them, after brief use, have been sealed up and sent back to Germany for inspection at the factory.

Hitler and Mussolini, it is quite obvious, made a firm bargain with Franco before the rebellion started. In return for very substantial concessions in Spain and North Africa, concessions covering trade and access to raw materials, they agreed to give him just enough assistance to enable him to win. What went wrong was that all three gravely underestimated the amount of aid needed. Ever since, Franco has been pleading for men and materials on a huge scale, without getting them. As these pages go to press, there are hints from Rome that the Duce might promise to send no more "volunteers" to Spain, under certain conditions. These would probably include British and League recognition of the Ethiopian conquest and possibly the new four-power West European pact. Observers on the spot believe Mussolini's hint was intended to give him a better bargaining position during his visit to Hitler. They point out also that he says nothing about recalling the Italian troops, perhaps numbering 150,000, now fighting in Spain.

The military lesson of the Second World War is interesting. Thus far, poison gas has been used both in the East and West only on a minute scale if at all. This is perhaps the last gesture of recognition for the power of "world public opinion," that ghost that seems ever more translucent, more emaciated, each time it is trotted out. All the combatants appear reluctant to endure the odium of having been first to begin; perhaps also, they fear reprisals in kind. The use of disease germs has likewise, so far as can be judged, failed to appear. Very likely it is prevented by the same inhibitions that hold back poison gas; and it may be that the problem has not yet been solved of creating epidemics among the foe while your own men go unscathed.

Partly because of the failure to use gas, the predictions we have been hearing for nearly twenty years about the character of this war have not been fulfilled. There has been aerial bombardment of

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cities on a great scale, but it has not, as was prophesied, at once destroyed the morale of the population and forced an abject surrender. On the contrary, the almost incessant shelling of Madrid, for example, both with bombing airplanes and long-range artillery, for fourteen months, has apparently served only to deepen the resolution of the inhabitants. A striking example of the same thing was seen a few days ago when the Japanese sent a huge fleet of airplanes to destroy Nanking. Despite several hundred casualties, the city was not destroyed; some of its inhabitants stood in the streets and shook their fists at the bombers in the sky.

Military experts seem agreed that thus far the advantage still lies with defense. Tanks light enough for mobility are not heavy enough for damage; big ones with large guns get stuck in the mud and their crews are wiped out with hand grenades or whiffs of liquid fire sprayed from a hose. There are extremely effective anti-aircraft guns which aim themselves automatically through sensitive devices actuated by the noise of the airplane engine or even its heat. In spite of a long chain of self-anointed experts, stretching back through the years, who have told us that infantry is now deader than the dodo, the Second World War has thus far been fought, on the whole, by men on foot carrying rifles. They haven't had time to read the books, don't know they are extinct, and in their innocence continue to fight battles and to win some of them.

In one grim aspect only does this war differ from the last one. In 1914-18 there were very few deliberate attempts to destroy civilians; after you have remembered the "Lusitania," the Zeppelins over London and the German gun that shelled Paris, not many more examples come to mind. Today, however, we have changed all that. The fascists, with deliberate intent, seek to destroy men, women and children, the old and the ill. They do so even when there is no important military advantage to be gained, as in the bombing of Guernica and Tientsin and the residential districts of Madrid. They kill people just as a certain type of small boy pulls the wings off a fly, and so far as I can judge, for exactly the same reason.

How long will the present World War continue? What nations will participate, and how will it end? Prophecy is as futile today as it has always been. It is possible, in the light of history, to foresee a struggle continuing on the present lines for many years. It may be that never again will the world witness a combat beginning with a formal declaration of war, or with the immediate utilization of all the forces at the command of any belligerent. I am confident, however, that if the present struggle were to end tomorrow, it would still be known in history as the Second World War—if not, indeed, as the second part of the First. And it will not end tomorrow.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

To Madrid

V: *International Brigade*

BACK IN Madrid for a second visit, I spent my afternoons at the political headquarters of the International Brigade, in an old mansion on the Calle de Velasquez. Trucks were always coming back from or leaving for the front. Staff cars skidded to a stop at the big arched gateway. The drivers, more than half of them Americans, lounged along the wall of the building in the shade, swapping cigarettes and talking about the Fascist planes that patrolled the road to Brunete. First one of the planes would drop a bomb; then, if the bomb missed the staff car or ambulance, the plane would swoop down to machine-gun the driver. He usually had time, after the bomb fell, to crawl under the engine, where at least his head and trunk would be safe from bullets. But some of the engines were built entirely too close to the road. Only a very thin man could afford to drive a Renault or a Citroën.

Across the street was a little café that sold red wine, Spanish vermouth, soda water and fruit syrups—almost the only drinks obtainable in Madrid. Usually there were half a dozen English or American volunteers standing at the bar or sitting on a big up-ended wine barrel. Most of the Englishmen were miners from Wales or mechanics from the north. Most of the Americans seemed to be intellectuals—teachers or newspaper men.

The Americans were complaining about the savage virtue of the Spanish girls: "Every time you go out with one of them, she holds a wedding ring in one hand and her mama in the other." There were light ladies in Madrid, but that didn't seem to interest the American boys, most of whom belonged to the class and generation that regards prostitution as a quaint survival of early capitalist morals. Some of them had married *camaradas,* just before leaving for the front.

I met Bill Lawrence, who has charge of the supplies that reach the Lincoln Battalion from overseas. "Tell the folks at home that we need three things, chocolate, soap and cigarettes—especially cigarettes." He was still grumbling because some of the supplies coming through were poor in quality or unwanted. "We were unpacking some big boxes down at Albacete hoping that they were full of good cigarettes and what do you think we found? Prophy-

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lactic kits! What the hell do they think we can do with prophylactic kits?"

Those were days of fantastic activity in the skies over Madrid. Almost the whole of the republican air forces was concentrated there during the offensive. At first the rebel aviators were outnumbered and kept behind their own lines, but very soon Franco moved perhaps a hundred new planes south from the Bay of Biscay. From early morning till after dark both sides were busy: there were air raids, trenches strafed, roads raked, munition dumps blown up. Here is a brief extract from the government bulletin for July 12:

> From 5:50 to 7:20 A.M., six of our heavy bombers made a vigorous attack on Boadilla del Monte, Villaviciosa de Odon and Villamantilla. [These were villages just behind the lines, garrisoned by Fascist troops.]
>
> At 6:30, two planes of the same type discovered and bombed a convoy of trucks bound for Villaviciosa de Odon. The village also was bombed.
>
> At 7:30, thirty pursuit planes, out to protect the bombers, machine-gunned an anti-aircraft battery southeast of Boadilla del Monte.
>
> At 7:17, several squadrons bombed the following: enemy troops in Navalcarnero, east of Navalcarnero and along the main highway; enemy troops bivouacked in the wood northwest of Sevilla la Nueva; enemy troops in Navalcarnero for the second time; enemy troops in Sevilla la Nueva; Fascist positions east and northwest of that town and in the wood northeast of Villamanta. At the same time there was a bombardment of the wood northeast of Villanueva de Perales.

And so it went through the long day. At 4:30 in the afternoon there was a battle of sixty-nine planes over enemy territory. The Loyalists shot down one Heinkel and eight Fiats; they lost one of their own planes. Late in the evening of the following day, there was an even bigger battle in which the Fascists lost ten of their planes as against one for the government. Some of these raids and counter-raids were visible from the streets of Madrid. But it was hard to make sense out of them: all you could see were planes ripping across the sky, sometimes moving toward one another, sometimes drawing apart. You couldn't tell which side was which, and in a moment the whole battle had vanished into the west.

Almost all the International Brigades had taken part in the Sierra offensive. Madrid was full of wounded volunteers, German, French, Irish, English and American. I visited several hospitals on different occasions. Most of them were good, by wartime standards; they impressed me as being better than the French hospitals in 1917. One of them —Hospital 16—was bad by any standards.

It was the former residence of a Spanish grandee. During the previous week it had seemed a cheerful place: it was not yet overcrowded; most of the patients were lightly wounded and in high spirits. A dozen Americans sat round a big rococo table, in eighteenth-century brocaded chairs, and ate eggs fried in olive oil, their first meal in three days. They laughed and boasted, almost like a football team after winning a hard game. They had seen the enemy run away. They had helped to storm Villanueva de la Cañada and had advanced beyond it over a road which, they said, was literally lined on both sides with dead Fascists. Now they wanted to recover quickly and get back to the front.

When I visited Hospital 16 a second time, with Dick Mowrer, the atmosphere was more somber. All the rooms were crowded with cots, and all the cots were occupied by men who seemed to be seriously wounded. My jaunty friends of the first visit had disappeared—some of them to base hospitals and others back to the front. We stopped at the first cot to ask in broken Spanish whether there were many Americans in the room. The answer was in equally broken Spanish. It turned out that we were talking to an Englishman from Manchester. He told us that there were Yanks all over the bloody place.

One of them was tossing restlessly. We asked him whether there wasn't anything we could do for him. —No, not a thing in the world. The nurses were just fine. They got him everything he wanted.—The room was oppressively hot. The sun poured in through the unshaded windows. The floor was covered with half an inch of dust. There were unemptied chamber pots under some of the beds. Flies settled on the bloodspots of a big linen sheet which, obviously, had not been changed for days. There were not enough nurses here and, as we heard afterwards, not enough doctors. But the wounded boy thought everything was fine; or at the very least he wouldn't complain in front of two newspapermen who might conceivably send home a story that was unfriendly to the International Brigades.

In other hospitals—much more pleasant and better run—I met dozens of Americans, including Martin Hourihan, commander of the Lincoln Battalion, who was shot through both thighs, and Hans Amlie, brother of Congressman Amlie, who had missed death by a thirty-second of an inch when a bullet plowed through his backbone without touching the spinal cord. Talking to these men I got a picture of the offensive as the infantry saw it—the smash through, on the early morning of July 6; the advance for a dozen miles through Fascist territory without even cocking their rifles; the first resistance encountered at Villanueva de la Cañada; the Carlists who came out of the village in wasp-waisted blue uniforms driving twenty little boys in front of them so that nobody would shoot (and nobody did, until the Carlists tossed their hand grenades, killing or wounding more than half of an English section). There were no prisoners taken at Villanueva.

It was bitter fighting from then on, with Fascist snipers in the underbrush and Fascist machine-gunners on the hilltops. The roads were under fire and there was no time to build trenches. The Moors had the habit of castrating the wounded, before slitting their throats. The sun beat down; there was nothing to eat and very little water.

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Just before the offensive started, the Fifteenth International Brigade had published a history of its battles—"Nos Combats contre le Fascisme," edited by the brigade political commissar, J. Barthel. Written in French by soldiers of half a dozen nations, set into type by Spanish printers a mile from the front lines, the book is not a model of correct prose. It had to be carefully censored in order to keep from offending the military authorities or giving information to the enemy. Still, it tells what you want to know about the lives and deaths of the foreign volunteers.

The Fifteenth International Brigade consisted of five battalions—one of them Spanish, one French and Belgian (the Sixth of February Battalion), one composed of Italians and men from the Balkan states (the Dimitrov), one English (the Fifteenth) and one American (the Lincoln). Also there was a company of cavalry that served dismounted in the trenches; a company of engineers; a battery of field guns; a transport service and a medical detachment. In all there must have been about 3,300 men.

They went into action on February 12, probably much sooner than was intended by the Spanish general staff. But the Fascists were attacking along the Jarama and, on the previous day, they had crossed the river. It seemed quite likely that they would succeed in cutting the Valencia Road—they actually held it for several days—and in surrounding Madrid by advancing toward the north. The Fifteenth Brigade helped to stop them and then to drive them back, but only at the cost of losing half its force.

The English lost more than half on their second day in the trenches. One whole company, out of three in the battalion, was killed or captured. The Fascists had advanced toward it raising their clenched fists and singing the "International," as if they wanted to fraternize and surrender like many others before them. A more experienced company would have recognized the trick; but the English were new at this sort of fighting and let the enemy come within hand-grenade distance. Only one man escaped, the company runner.

The Lincoln Battalion didn't go into action until February 15, when the Fascists were already halted. But in a counter-attack on February 27—a counter-attack that was inadequately prepared for and, indeed, should never have been ordered—the battalion lost nearly a third of its men in half an hour's fighting. On March 14, some green Spanish troops ran away from the trenches on their left; the Lincoln Battalion had to fill the gap. On April 5 there was another bloody and almost fruitless counter-attack, though with fewer American casualties.

To me the story of the men in the Lincoln Battalion, and of their comrades in the International Brigades as a whole, seems about as remarkable as anything in modern warfare. To begin with, they had all sorts of trouble in reaching Spain—J. Edgar Hoover's men were on their trail, and the French secret police, not to speak of amateur and professional Fascist spies. One party was arrested and spent forty days in a French jail. Another party was torpedoed on board the "City of Barcelona." Still other parties wandered without food in the Pyrenees before crossing the border. In Spain they had new troubles to face. Their officers were sometimes incompetent. Often they hadn't enough ammunition. Worse than that, they were kept in the trenches week after week without relief. They were shock troops and, during the World War, it was the custom to send shock troops into the lines for one attack, then pull them out again—after three days or a week at the most, they were back in a rest camp training new recruits to fill the gaps in their ranks. But the Fifteenth International Brigade, after stopping the Fascists on the Jarama front, had to stay in the front lines for seventy-six days. The Americans had a song, to the tune of "The Red River Valley":

> There's a valley in Spain called Jarama;
> It's a valley we all know full well;
> It was there that I spent my young manhood
> And that most of my dear comrades fell—

and so on through half a dozen stanzas. Sometimes, instead of "spent my young manhood," they said "wasted my manhood." They complained a great deal, especially when some of their American cigarettes were stolen in Barcelona by the brave stay-at-homes of the FAI and the POUM. Perhaps the worst blow came on April 28, when they were at last given the promised rest at the rear. Instead of going to Madrid, they were quartered in Alcalá de Henares, a little town that was being raided every night by the Fascist planes. They slept on the stone floor of a church. They paraded on May Day; then they went back to the front.

It seems to me that almost any other body of men might have broken under the strain. They stuck it out; they went through the Sierra offensive, where their losses were even heavier than along the Jarama; the two American battalions had nearly half their men killed or wounded—more than half, if you include those who had to be treated for dysentery or heat prostration. When last we heard of them, they had taken Quinto and Belchite, in Aragon. They can't do the infantry drill manual in a fashion that would satisfy a West Pointer, or even a second lieutenant of the Idaho National Guard. They talk back to their officers. They wear all manner of torn and dirty uniforms, including loose brown coveralls that make them look like automobile mechanics. They don't shave more than twice in a blue moon. But they can handle machine guns and crawl through the underbrush and not break under bombing and strafing by Fascist planes. "Do they fight!" said a wounded Albanian who had served in the Lincoln Battalion. "Jesus Christ, in one minute the trench is all clean."

It was almost as hard to get out of Madrid as it had been to get into Madrid. The government press bureau had no cars available. The British

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evacuation service was not planning a trip. The fast little trucks that take the morning papers down to Valencia had been forbidden to carry passengers. I wondered whether I should have to thumb my way back along the highway. Finally an officer in the Brigades offered me a ride as far as Albacete with a group of "disciplinary cases."

I suppose they were guilty of different misdemeanors. But part of the group had done something for which, in another army, they might have been executed. They had fought through the first week of the offensive and then, on the eighth day, they had refused to go back into the lines. Three of these men were Americans. There was also a loose-lipped Englishman with bad teeth and a thatch of dusty yellow hair who was guarded by a Spanish carabinero. None of the others was even under arrest.

Piled in the back of a Russian truck, a tangle of legs and boots and bundles, we jolted over the road to Albacete. Every few minutes the loose-lipped Englishman would point up into the hot, cloudless and altogether empty sky. "Look at that plane," he would say. "It's following us." At first I thought he was joking, but he was making the same joke too often. "Look at that plane," he said for at least the tenth time. "It's following us. It's right over us. It's swooping down." He closed his eyes in absolute terror. The truck rumbled on. The other men had very little to say. One of them kidded the Englishman, telling him that he was absolutely certain to be shot in Albacete. The others seemed not so much ashamed as crestfallen. They had been forced to change their picture of themselves, to admit that they weren't heroes after all.

At Albacete I had a hard time explaining that I wasn't another disciplinary case. It took me half an hour to talk myself out of the barracks. I walked downtown to the Circolo Mercantil, the merchants' club, now headquarters for the Brigades. The man I wanted to see had left for the front. Outside I bumped into three of my companions from the ride. "Well, what did they do to you?" I asked.

One of them answered, "They're going to make us stand guard duty tonight, the bastards." Then he grinned. He was a nice kid; later I heard that he had been sent to the front again at his own request.

"And the Englishman?"

"I don't know. Maybe they'll assign him to a work battalion. Most likely they'll send him home."

In Albacete I spent most of my time at the office of the political commissars, in the Circolo Mercantil, trying to arrange for transportation to Valencia. The commissars were busy men. They handed out meal tickets to soldiers on leave and found them a place to sleep and got them their back pay. They supervised the distribution of cigarettes and soap and reading matter. They acted as buffers between the Spanish military authorities and the foreign volunteers. They gave talks in which they explained the course of world politics and its effect on the war in Spain. They argued, they persuaded, they kept the men of twenty nations in a mood of comradeship toward the Spaniards and toward one another. That last job was not the easiest; for national characteristics never seemed stronger than in the International Brigades. The Frenchmen there are pure French, the Italians make speeches, the Irish glower at the English, and the Germans are deliberate and punctual, a rock of order amidst chaos.

On the morning of the second day, I was offered a ride to Valencia with a captain in the medical corps, a German exile. He told me to be ready with my suitcase at one-thirty—*punktum!* Everybody else warned me that I must be there on the stroke of the half-hour or the car would leave without me. I was there. So were the German captain and a German lieutenant and a German chauffeur. But there was some misunderstanding with the Spanish authorities that delayed us—inevitably—until half-past two.

The car was a little old Citroën that had no key to the ignition—in that respect being similar to at least three-quarters of the Spanish staff cars. Probably it had once belonged to a Fascist who had kept the key instead of the machine. It had been driven over Spanish roads until it was just about ready to fall to pieces. It wouldn't stay in gear. The radiator grille kept getting tangled with the crank shaft. And the door to the glove compartment in the dashboard would rattle open at every bump in the road. The German captain would close it with a frown that expressed his disapproval of everything shiftless and loose and rattling. Then the car would hit another bump and the door would fly open. The captain would frown. Finally, by twisting the metal in his square, powerful hands, he closed the glove compartment, I thought forever.

Driving through the flat rice fields south of Valencia, we passed a long gray-green convoy of Russian trucks bound for the front. It seems to be psychologically impossible for Spanish drivers to stay in line. One of them speeded up to fifty miles an hour and tried to pass another truck on a blind curve, just as we approached from the opposite direction. I don't know by what miracle we avoided an accident. Our German driver stepped on the brake so hard that the four of us shot forward out of our seats. The little door flew open with a bang. And the captain tore it off its hinges and threw it into the ditch—as if by this gesture he could express all the furious resentment of his German nature against people who couldn't keep appointments or handle machinery or even stay in line.

The air liner from Valencia to France flies over the Mediterranean till it reaches Barcelona; then, after half an hour's wait, it strikes north by northwest, straight over the mountains. The air over the Pyrenees is so bumpy, so full of chimneys and pockets, that I had to close my eyes and think about nothing at all. When I opened them again, we were flying over the green French countryside.

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In Toulouse, I bought a Spanish Fascist newspaper, the Heraldo de Aragon, and read it sitting on the terrace of a café. It seemed to deal with a different country, engaged in a different war. On July 15, Franco still refused to admit the fall of Brunete, which had been taken by the Loyalists during the forenoon of July 6. He refused to admit that more than five of his planes had been shot down during the whole offensive, whereas the Loyalists—the Reds, the Marxist hordes—had lost "sixty-one for certain, and probably twelve others."

The waiter brought me real coffee with three lumps of sugar. I didn't call him comrade, in spite of my Spanish training. But instinctively I put two lumps of sugar in my pocket, to save for the next time. Then, with my first free evening in front of me, I opened a notebook and began to jot down some notes on my travels.

Back in the States (I wrote) people of my sort were more deeply stirred by the Spanish civil war than by any other international event since the World War and the Russian revolution.

I can testify for myself—and for many others too—that we devoured the newspapers, buying half a dozen daily, from the morning Times at breakfast, through the successive afternoon editions of The Post and The World-Telegram, to the bulldog edition of The Herald Tribune at eleven in the evening. We learned the hours of the news reports over the radio and the political coloring of each radio commentator, so as to reckon the truth about Spain by applying a coefficient of prejudice to his statements. At night we lay awake for hours thinking of schemes and combinations that would bring a sudden victory.

It seemed to me then—and it still seems—that the conflict between two systems of life was clearer in Spain than anywhere else in the world. On *that* side were the landlords, the generals, the bishops, the banks, the old tradition of class intolerance. *"Jerarquia—Disciplina!"* But on *this* side were the peasants, the artisans, the small tradesmen, the painters and poets, the human sympathy, the aspiration of a poverty-stricken people toward more knowledge, more freedom, more of everything. And unless *this* side won in Spain, then the same process of revolt and foreign intervention might be repeated in Czechoslovakia, in France, in all the free nations of Europe.

That was what I felt in New York, and still feel, but in Spain itself one forgot the general outlines of the struggle in following its fortunes from day to day. Could our side advance from Brunete to cut the Estremadura Road? Would their side counter-attack at Teruel? Why hadn't we more planes? There was no time to think about what would happen next month or next year. All the big words about democracy and the world proletariat seemed cheap beside the simple friendliness and the willingness to die of the Spanish soldiers.

Will they win their fight? Today I can answer that question no better than I could before going to Spain. It depends to a large extent on international affairs—on how many Italian soldiers can be landed in Cadiz; on how much foreign help General Franco can afford to accept without causing a mutiny of his Spanish troops; on the waverings of French and British diplomacy (and the chance that Mussolini will try to go too far); on the number of Russian planes and tanks that reach the Loyalists in spite of the blockade. In other words, it depends largely on outside forces that nobody can measure.

Still, to an extent that very few people have realized in France or England or America, the final outcome depends on the Spanish people themselves—on their spirit behind the lines; on their ability to compose their quarrels over policies and personalities; on their power to create a people's army with efficient officers, to organize transportation, to build reserve forces, to plan a campaign on seven scattered fronts, to fight battles in the field. If Franco can be outmaneuvered and beaten, then Mussolini will cease to send his troops to Spain (as Hitler seems to have done already). And that is the reason for the optimism that prevails at Madrid and in the front lines. They don't know very much about the international situation, but they know that their own armies are getting stronger week by week.

The Fascist side of Spain is better fed and much less troubled by airplane raids. This at least was the impression I got from reading the Zaragoza paper. It was of course full of news about "the victories of our glorious forces," but it also contained a good many details of daily life. The municipal council had met and decided to build a kiosk in the Boulevard of Independence; also to regulate the sale of melons in the public squares. Banks announced their willingness to accept deposits. Many people, including "a lady with an honorable daughter and a balcony overlooking the street," advertised for paying guests. Nothing of this sort could be found in the papers of Loyalist Spain.

Zaragoza was obviously under the political domination of the fascist international. There were all sorts of organizations modeled after those of Germany and Italy: a fascist party (the Falangistas), a fascist youth organization (the JONS), an organization of little fascist boys (the Flechas, who were planning an excursion to Italy), a fascist trade union granted certain privileges but forbidden to strike, a whole apparatus of fascist propaganda. Every letter or resolution ended with fascist slogans: "Hierarchy and discipline! Salute to Franco! Up Spain! For the empire, towards God! For the Fatherland, bread and justice! Up Spain!"

Reading the Heraldo de Aragon, I began to wonder what Spain would be like if Franco and his fascist allies conquered there. First of all would come the general slaughter of his enemies that has been promised now for more than a year. But afterwards what would happen in the graveyard? Some people think that Franco would be faced by a whole series of insurrections, by unending guerilla war-

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fare: I cannot agree with them. The Spaniards are the bravest nation in Europe, but it is not in their nature to continue fighting for a lost cause; they would be more likely to sink back into apathy. The peasants would lose the land they have lately won. The mineral resources of the country would be exploited by Germans and Italians. There would be some reforestation (which is part of the fascist program) and some new irrigation projects, but not enough of them to interfere with the privileges of the big landed proprietors. The schools would be closed or turned back to the Jesuits. Under the weight of its ancient institutions and its feudal nobility, the country would sleep and decay, as it slept and decayed in the eighteenth century.

And if the government wins out?—There will be a period of incompetence and disorder, there are certain to be quarrels and trials and scandals, but all these will be signs that the people are fighting their own battles. They will insist on increasing the national wealth. There will be new irrigation projects, new dams, power plants, mines, smelters, factories, universities; the printing presses will be busy and the schools crowded. The natural resources of the Iberian Peninsula are perhaps greater than those of any other European country west of Russia. Under a people's government, the dead land will spring to life. MALCOLM COWLEY.

The End.

Wesley Mitchell: An Evaluation

BY EXAGGERATING somewhat for the sake of emphasis—that is, by ignoring exceptions and trying for type description—it is possible, without too great violence, to distinguish four methodological approaches to economics:

1. That which begins in assumption and preconception (concerning human nature and mechanical laws) and proceeds to an elaboration covering the operations of economic life.
2. That which depends on insight to erect new categories of men's activity and proceeds to a logical pursuit of consequences throughout the field of economic behavior.
3. That which seeks understanding and proceeds by analytical and statistical description of group behavior.
4. That which begins by the tentative projection of desirable change and proceeds by the evaluation of projected results and measurement of the consequences following adoption.

The first of these we call classical economics. It belongs first chronologically, having been borrowed from the physical sciences, and still, though not so confidently any more, carries prestige. In this there is something to pause over. The materials of economics are the vivid experiences of men working together on farms, in mines, in the market exchanges, in factories; or consuming the goods and services they have made. That this earliest method of using such fluid materials should have resisted attack for so long a time, among so many professional devotees, argues either that it is an effective approach or that those who have followed it have been incurious concerning alternatives. First-rate minds have found it to be an agreeable way of working; and there did come to be a formidable body of literature worked out by this method. It did become orthodox and, for many years, it had little competition.

Such a general agreement can be explained only by a common background among economists, by the discipline of apprenticeship and by a desire among young scholars for the approval of their higher audience. The masters of the classical period were learned in the same ways, ignorant of the same facts, schooled in the same acceptances and beset by the same problems. They disagreed; there were controversies—but not about fundamentals. They were first puzzled, then outraged at any suggestion of new method, and joined forces to dispose of dissenters.

Of these one of the earliest and most formidable was Marx, though Marxian economics offered less novelty in method than some others, such as the economic theories of the Utopians and the Christian Socialists. These last had an appeal; but it was rather popular than professional. Marx challenged the professionals on their own ground. His premises, like theirs, were naïve in their view of human nature and even more determinate in their conception of development. The great advantage of classical economics was gained when it seized on evolutionary theory and turned its generalization about the survival of the fittest into a defense of competitive capitalism. This solid grounding on the most widely accepted social doctrine of the century made classicism supreme throughout the academic world; a foundation in Darwin was far more valuable than a foundation in Hegel. The structure of this system came to be almost crystalline; it was simple in design but it had elaborately chased surfaces. It purported to be the rationale of all economic phenomena. Study of the field could best begin by learning its excogitated laws; further enlightenment was to be had by following the unfolding logic of these laws as they applied to everyday life. Criticism was silenced by setting over against the stubborn casualness of group behavior the evidences of revealed truth. It was impossible to stone a good theory to death with facts.

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This system at length found constructive competition in institutionalism. But this had an elusive method. And many of those who came to think of themselves as institutionalists did so under a misapprehension. They confused the methods of Veblen with those of Mr. Mitchell[1] and there could scarcely be found a greater dissimilarity. Mr. Joseph Dorfman, in "Thornstein Veblen and His America," has shown what Veblen was and meant—his Kantian preoccupation, his savage resentments, his intuitive categories, his exposure of the apologia for money-getting, his emphasis on certain activity-experiences (such as the one so perversely called the "instinct of workmanship"). This is institutionalism if we define it as what Veblen wrote. But it is a mistake to classify many other economists as Veblenian—least of all Mr. Mitchell.

Veblen's approach was critical but his standard was preconceived. His analysis was less devoted to understanding than to showing how business enterprise has imposed on our civilization a set of institutions calculated to preserve its own interests at the expense of all the values we pretend to acknowledge. It was an exposure of suicidal illogic. His tacit definition of amenity was clearly derived from alien sources; he had it from membership in a submerged group; it was made contrarily precise by unhappy living. Beneath his mannered prose with its elaborately aloof volutions there seethed the unappeasable rage of the dissenter who was little noticed in his time.

Mr. Mitchell in his younger days may or may not have understood all that he knows now about Veblen, but one thing he did know—that Veblen had discredited orthodox economics and had undermined the business culture. Neither would ever again regain the respectability it once had. Still, that only went a certain distance. All the constructive work remained to be done; and most of the tools for it were yet to be invented. No one not so enraged and unappeasable as Veblen could continue the calculating vilification he had begun; and anyway that phase was over. Descriptive analysis was only a clue, not a method. Besides, Mr. Mitchell belonged to that very native strain that Veblen hated so implacably. He was reared in the tradition and it seemed to him neither strange nor abnormal. It requires some shock to estrange a native son from his own people. The shock was supplied by Veblen, but it operated in this case on a kindly and understanding temperament. Mr. Mitchell, nevertheless, had his own integrity to deal with. Honesty compelled the realization of the truth. Kindliness and conscientiousness, therefore, went to war with each other and never quite arrived at armistice. So it is not strange, even without taking account of his special intellectual qualities, that he should have become first an observer, a seeker for understanding, rather than a radical experimentalist; and that he should develop slowly and without rancor his suggestions for change. Whereas Veblen's method belongs to the second of the four groups that were listed above, Mr. Mitchell's belonged for many years to the third.

After two decades of labor, it now owes very little to the intuition that Veblen himself leaned on so heavily. It has become essentially a search, carried out without prejudice, for uniformities in group behavior. Characteristically its favorite tool is measurement, a technique with satisfying possibilities of improvement, to which much labor can be devoted with confidence in its worth. It begins, not as Veblen began, in hate, but with a surprised aloofness, as one stands away from an old acquaintance who has suddenly been denounced as criminal, torn between the sentiments of loyalty and of resentment at violated trust. Much of American economics rests just there, uncertain, its practitioners still, in puzzled fashion, piling up facts, evolving an ever more elaborate investigative procedure. If it sometimes seems not to know what facts it wants or why it wants them, this is because of a psychological difficulty. Veblen suffered from a complex; but there are others who suffer from not having any.

This is less true of Mr. Mitchell than of his followers. His orientation has been toward the problems posed by Veblen. If he has been an observer, he has always known what to observe. He has been working toward a clearer understanding of the money economy. He needed to satisfy his intelligence by long effort in a matter which Veblen grasped by insight and put behind him without question. But his acceptance has been more complete than those are aware who have read his books but not his essays. He has at times seemed to share the obscurantism of his fellow workers who could neither accept nor reject the generalization of competitive futility; and he could not be entirely free from the parading of science which is so helpful in evasion. It is indeed difficult to be scientific, as that word is often used, and at the same time be helpful. Of course that meaning has been evolved by those who prefer to stand apart from confusion. Respectability often requires this standing apart and if that can be said to be scientific, that is agreeable. But economists are frequently forced, embarrassingly, into the midst of events. This Mr. Mitchell has shirked less than most others. He has been neither too pure-minded an investigator nor too determined a dweller in the ivory tower. He has been mature and solid about his espousal of causes.

Here is one economist, in fact, who has moved by intellectual conviction through uncertainty toward its resolution by experiment, neither afraid nor in a hurry. So that today he comes close to fitting my fourth category. Your out-and-out experimental economist is exclusively interested in policy, in fact and in the future. This means that change is his familiar ground. This suggests faith in social management and in the accommodativeness of individuals to circumstance, thus denying at once industrial laissez-faire, mechanistic human behavior and the

[1] The Backward Art of Spending Money and Other Essays, by Wesley C. Mitchell. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 428 pages. $3.

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closed system of Marx. And this is where, or very nearly where, Mr. Mitchell stands today.

He has long been important to many of us as a teacher and a human being for whom we have affection and respect. He is important in the history of economics because he is a bridge from classicism to instrumentalism. His work stands astride transition. The classics of economics are imposing apologies for free competition. Chaos in industrial life was securely enclosed in a shining case of theoretical justification. People like Mitchell, filled with new learning, made by Veblen to doubt, taught by their hearts to care what happened, broke the shining case. Chaos was at last matched with chaos. We have no economic theory any more in the old sense; we have merely utilitarian tentatives. The search for uniformities goes on, of course, and Mr. Mitchell's work in this respect is the most formidable we have. He chose nothing less than the business cycle as his area; and this is one which includes all the paradoxes and dilemmas of modern life. The uniformities he has sought have turned out to be elusive and transitory, which is disappointing but not unexpected. He knew it was a big bite to chew; and a merely partial success is enough for satisfaction.

He has always been a singularly free spirit as a man; these essays collected by Joseph Dorfman show that he is becoming so as a philosopher. He still clings to "observation" and "understanding" as the aim of his work, but when he talks of planning he becomes experimental. The emphasis is thrown on "bettering the social organization of one of the most advanced countries in the world." Between the two essays in which these contrasting views appear there were ten years. But those ten years were from 1925 to 1935. During that decade much happened; and a good deal of it happened to economists. But none is so representative as Mr. Mitchell, largely because of his quality. There is about him something that is always first rate, thought through, infused with intellectual honesty. When he is puzzled, it means that the situation is confused, not that he, as an individual, is. On the whole he is the best we have.

R. G. TUGWELL.

The Ghost of the Corridor

IN SPITE of the ten-year non-aggression pact between Germany and Poland, in spite of the no-propaganda agreement between these nations, the question of the Polish Corridor remains an acute problem beneath the surface of European politics. For the unlayable ghost of the Corridor still walks. It disturbs the uneasy slumbers of diplomats and army chiefs.

No informed man on either side of the German-Polish frontier believes for a moment that relations between these neighbors have undergone any fundamental change. Poles know that the higher strategy of German *Machtpolitik* dictates a truce between Berlin and Warsaw. Germans know that Polish willingness to maintain the truce is not influenced by friendship, but by a foreign policy no less realistic than their own. The truce is an advantage to both capitals. It is, however, only a prolonged armistice that bridges two phases of an irreconcilable conflict between Teuton and Slav, an interlude in the struggle for possession of the mouth of the Vistula which has been waged intermittently for six hundred years.

One hears rumors that Poland is preparing to surrender the Corridor in return for territory elsewhere. Berlin would, of couse, like to make such a deal with Warsaw. But Gdynia, which Poland built at great sacrifice, is more than a port. It is a symbol of an independent Poland. Poles recall the words of Frederick the Great: "Whoever possesses the mouth of the Vistula and the city of Danzig will be more the master of Poland than the king who rules there." Poles are determined to fight to the death to hold the Corridor.

This province (Pomorze) is undergoing a relentless ethnic change. The Teutonic minority is being steadily reduced. Indeed, Poles claim that it is the most homogeneous district in Poland today. Gdynia is overwhelmingly Slavic. To every Pole it is proof that once more Poland is a maritime nation. The Bay of Puck, on which the city is located, could hold all the navies in the world today. Although only a dozen years ago Gdynia was a sleepy fishing village, last year it handled more commerce than any other city on the Baltic.

Across the bay the peninsula of Hel juts out to sea to form a protecting breakwater. Recently this peninsula was famous as a beach where summer visitors came to enjoy the water and sunshine. Today, there are mysterious closed areas on the peninsula where fortifications are being erected. Not only could their guns defend Gdynia from a sea attack, but they could also be trained on Danzig. One sees soldiers of crack Polish cavalry and infantry units everywhere in the Corridor, a reminder that Poland is not entrusting the protection of this district to leagues and pacts.

The Germans, on the other hand, are not idle. Although Nazi foreign policy calls for a detente with Poland, Pan-German realism looks ahead to the time when the Corridor will once more cause a major crisis. Every effort is being made by the Reich authorities to maintain German residents in the Corridor as "front fighters for Germanism abroad." During July, twenty-two young Germans were tried at Chojnice and convicted for membership in a secret Nazi "labor camp." Berlin bitterly resented this action, but could not afford a break with Poland at this time. The reason for the Reich's restraint was understood on both sides of the German-Polish frontier. That an open struggle for possession of the Corridor will be resumed eventually is as certain as anything can be in the realm of international politics.

HENRY C. WOLFE.

Gdynia (Polish Corridor).

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Shoot the Works

Columnist on Horseback—No Living Person Intended—Tin Drawers and Income Taxes—Come Below, Butch, and Meet the Folks

DON MARQUIS once wrote a novel in which a middle-aged copyreader received a letter informing him that an uncle in Australia had left him half a million dollars. The hero of the story stuffed his eyeshade into his pocket, put on his coat, walked into the office of the managing editor and said, "I don't like the way you're running this newspaper."

Almost every employee has had such a day dream, but my fantasy goes further, since it includes a newspaperman and a newspaper owner. Since it is sheer fiction, the newspaperman does all the talking. His name is Burton Brummel and the publisher is called Oliver ("Butch") Dorrit. Both characters are wholly imaginary and have no reference to any actual persons.

"Just a minute, Mr. Dorrit, now it's my turn. Yes, I know that down at the shop we're all one big happy family and that I can call you Butch if I want to. I don't want to. It sounds too formal. All the boys call you that. How about letting our hair down? You call me Mr. Brummel and I'll call you Mr. Dorrit. And I'll do the calling first. You told me once at the end of an uninterrupted forty-five-minute discourse that the trouble with me was that I wouldn't unburden myself to you. Well, I did wait ten years, but I'm ready to shoot now. Let me tell you the trouble with you.

"All your arguments are based upon the premise that you're a great success. But can you prove that? Oh, I know you're a shrewd trader and that you come to quick decisions as to when to sell and when to buy. You can take three papers and turn them into one. So could Munsey. You've scrapped some great papers and what have you got to show for them? I'll answer the questions, too. What's left is an eight-column cut of the Quints asking permission to go to the bathroom.

"Oh, yes, I know my own stuff is terrible. I've heard that from you pretty steadily for the last four years, but we're not talking about me now. We're talking about you. Still, position and space do make a difference. It isn't too easy serving under that retired major you picked up and tried to pass off as a liberal commentator. And, by the way, don't you think old Tin Drawers, or whatever you call him, is stretching out that cud of personal peeve pretty thin by now?

"And by the way, to continue the digression, it isn't easy to write when you don't know whether you're going to get space for three hundred and ten words or two hundred and nineteen and just which of your favorite sentences will be in and which will be out. Make a try some day at writing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. No personal reflection intended.

"I'm sure you're eager to hear my opinion of just when and where you went wrong. I think it was buying the yacht. The ebony icebox and the opera cape with the red-plush lining you could have taken in your stride. But not the yacht. When a man buys a yacht he almost invariably gets a cap to go with it and that makes him a big shot. And the next thing you know the man with the cap begins to hold conferences on the yacht and he tells his friends what's wrong with the labor movement and they repeat back to him what he's told them.

"Don't interrupt me, Mr. Dorrit. You've told me that before. I know that twenty-five years ago you knew Big Bill Haywood and that you once went to a dinner party where Emma Goldman was one of the guests. Sure, you've been to Russia. You wrote pieces about it, but you've got the knack of going to the ends of the earth and coming back and making it all sound like a week-end in New Rochelle.

"You don't do a column and yet you've picked up a bad habit which afflicts every columnist I have ever known. You can't seem to keep yourself and your personal concerns out of the paper. Do you honestly think that the great American public is all steamed up about your income tax? I have yet to see any indignant group of citizens standing around on street corners and saying, 'Isn't it terrible what that congressional committee did to Butch Dorrit?' Do you realize that if all the columns and editorials in your paper touching on and appertaining to your income tax were laid end to end they would make even duller reading than they do now? After all, everybody admitted that you were well within the law. For Heaven's sake drop that shoe and quit putting it on. Stop writing with your tongue in your sore tooth. The life net has been spread for weeks. Come on down. Nobody gives a damn.

"And take off the false whiskers. There's nothing immoral or unethical in your espousing the conservative side all along the line, but doesn't that pretense of progressivism sometimes cleave to your gullet? In recent years one sometimes has a right to wonder just how far that little lighthouse throws its beams into a naughty world. Pardon the literary allusion and pardon the joke. That's another organization of course.

"By the way, Mr. Dorrit, you're not much on jokes, are you? Mostly that's all to the good. A lot of people wouldn't take anything for their sense of humor and you're in the fortunate position of not having any to sell. Stick to your last. Don't go around making any more discoveries of successors to Will Rogers. You remember that perfectly jimdandy little series you promoted with the slogan, 'Wait for those missing laughs'? The only trouble was that you didn't tell us just how long we were expected to wait. Now there comes that great big smile. You see, Mr. Dorrit, you've had me wrong all along. Do you remember what Oliver Wendell Holmes said a little before he took his gear and went to weigh in? He said, 'The riders in a race do not stop when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill.'

"That's me all over, Butch. Just a nice easy hand ride from now on with never the whip and spurs for anybody. Just kind words for everybody. I've listened to everything you've said for lo, these many years. It's out of an old friendliness that I venture to swap a little advice. If you don't get rid of the yacht, at least put away the cap. Stop playing Commodore and come down and meet the crew. They could tell you a lot that you seem to have forgotten. And so long as you dish out advice so generously, you ought to be able to take it. Glad to have met you, Mr. D. So sorry we don't like each other's work. No offense, old fellow."

HEYWOOD BROUN.

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Washington Notes

The Income-Tax Pinches the Higher Brackets—Secretary Morgenthau Uses the Speed-Up —Let the Public Know the Facts

FOR MONTHS, the writer has felt that the chief thing economic royalists hold against the New Deal is the New Deal income taxes. They have a low opinion of Mr. Roosevelt's program and policies, it is true; but what they mainly hate is being forced to hand over hard cash to the Treasury. Out of this hatred, an ugly situation is developing.

It must be remembered that high taxes are new in this country. Under the beneficent Mr. Mellon, the top income-surtax rate was only 20 percent. In the last days of Mr. Hoover's administration, surtax rates were boosted drastically, and they were boosted again in 1934 and 1935. For the brackets that include the majority of active business executives, surtax rates now are: for $50,000 incomes, 31 percent; for $100,000 incomes, 55 percent; for $200,000 incomes, 60 percent.

But these rates have not pinched until within the last eighteen months. During 1933-35, corporation executives could dig down in their safety-deposit boxes and exhume cat-and-dog securities remaining from the Glorious Twenties. These could be sold at a loss, most of which could be deducted from taxable income. With their 1936 income-tax returns, however, big business men were faced with the horrid prospect of paying over from a third to a half of their incomes to Mr. Morgenthau.

The tax-dodging investigation held last spring by Congress gave a glimpse of the desperate ingenuity with which wealthy men are fighting the Treasury. They have now begun to fight it with a peculiarly malevolent form of propaganda. A short time ago, an ex-New Dealer—whose name I am obligated not to reveal—told me a series of hair-raising stories to prove that the Bureau of Internal Revenue has been transformed into an agency of political revenge, something on the order of Hitler's Gestapo. The ex-New Dealer, I should explain, broke with the administration in 1934, and today holds a responsible and lucrative post in Wall Street.

The ex-New Dealer gave me details of some twenty-five cases in which well known corporation heads and bankers, upon contributing to the Republican Party or the Liberty League, or on making some other gesture hostile to Mr. Roosevelt, were promptly visited by internal-revenue agents, and forced to submit to a long examination of their personal and business affairs. The ex-New Dealer professed to have direct knowledge of each case. The entire American business world, he declared, was convinced that Mr. Roosevelt, through the immense power of the Treasury, meant to harry, and ultimately destroy, whoever opposed him.

How widely this myth—for it is a myth—has circulated, the writer does not know. In Wall Street, however, it seems to be believed devoutly by ordinarily level-headed business men. Its dangerous character does not need emphasis. The writer has placed the stories told him by the ex-New Dealer before Treasury officials, including Mr. Guy T. Helvering, head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Extraordinarily enough, most of the ex-New Dealer's facts are superficially correct. They are, however, wholly without sinister implications. On the contrary, they seem to be greatly to the Treasury's credit.

Treasury officials explain that Mr. Morgenthau has made three great innovations in tax gathering. Under the practice obtaining during Mr. Mellon's regime, eighteen months were allowed for the inspection of income-tax returns. Mr. Morgenthau has shortened this interval to three months. Returns, filed on March 15, are supposed to be cleared by the following June 15. Another innovation is that, wherever possible, field agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau are supposed to make settlements on the spot. Under Mr. Mellon, the returns of wealthy men were very often referred back to Washington for action. Thirty-five percent of the returns came back to Washington under Mr. Mellon's regime; now only about 10 percent comes back. Finally, Mr. Morgenthau has largely increased the number of field agents—from 2,450 to 3,200—and has done a great deal to give them an *esprit de corps*.

These three innovations have unquestionably mystified the big taxpayer. Under Mr. Mellon, the big taxpayer heard nothing from his return for perhaps a year, when he received a leisurely letter from Washington. Nowadays, an internal-revenue agent is likely to pop up in the front office almost any morning, burning with righteous zeal. And, because of the current inclination toward tax-dodging among the wealthy, the agent may very well insist on giving his victim's affairs a going-over with a steel-toothed curry comb.

Treasury officials were understandably cagey about the cases of business men who were contributors to the Republican Party or the Liberty League. It is the duty of field agents, they say, to search local newspapers for information about men who have either received or spent unusual sums of money. If a citizen should give a large chunk of money to a symphony orchestra, or to an archeological expedition or to the Liberty League, it is conceivable that a field agent might give his tax return an especially careful examination.

A few days ago, Mr. Morrison Shafroth, chief counsel of the Internal Revenue Bureau and son of the former Colorado Senator, resigned from the Treasury, together with his first assistant, Mr. Russell J. Ryan, in belated protest against last spring's tax-dodging investigation by Congress. Almost simultaneously, Mr. Morgenthau assigned Mr. Harold N. Graves, the Department's trouble-shooter, to duty with the Bureau. These two events, coming together, have increased the suspicion with which the Bureau is viewed by business tories.

What needs to be done in this situation? The fact is that Mr. Morgenthau has set out to create the first speedy, efficient income-tax-collecting system we have ever had. But, in the writer's opinion, he has also tried to surround his efforts with a wall of impenetrable hush-hush, and this policy has been a mistake. The myth that the Internal Revenue Bureau is being used to persecute Mr. Roosevelt's political enemies comes at least partially from the mystery shrouding the Treasury's new practices. The writer hopes that Mr. Morgenthau will state his case in the clearest possible terms. Wealthy men henceforth will have to pay far heavier income taxes than they paid in the past, and undoubtedly they will have to reveal more and more of the

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secrets of their personal and business affairs to Treasury agents. If Mr. Morgenthau announces this publicly, the plain voters will support him. But if the present propaganda against the Treasury is permitted to spread unchecked, irretrievable harm may be done to the New Deal.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

War Can't Be Civilized—The General of the Lord and the Son of Heaven—Let's Think Straight and Keep Out of It

THERE is a good deal of pious horror among genteel persons over the refusal of the Japanese war lords to recognize any distinction between the Chinese army and the Chinese people, and over their persistence in dumping bombs from heaven upon defenseless cities. The horror seems to germinate from a strange notion that there are civilized forms of warfare and uncivilized forms and that, as a consequence, war in some of its forms can be civilized.

Our religious heroes had no such squeamishness. We have distributed a good many Bibles among the Japanese and it is wholly possible that some of the war lords have studied to some purpose the campaigns and battles of General Joshua, greatest of the Israelite Napoleons. Do you by any chance recall that greatest of the Old Testament miracles, when Joshua made the sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in Ajalon? Do you remember why he made these two luminaries pause in their courses?

Well, he was making war against the Amorites and Canaanites and others and in the course of his triumphal march he came to Jericho. There, you will remember, his famous bugle corps tooted for seven days till the walls of Jericho quit and fell down. *"And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both men and women, young and old, ox and sheep and ass, with the edge of the sword."* Only Rahab, the well known harlot, was saved, because, like a virtuous prostitute, she had betrayed her people to Joshua. Joshua had no bombers and pursuit planes but he made a very good job of it.

Then he turned his attention to the city of Ai. He got the Ai army outside the city into an ambush and slew it. *"And so it came to pass when Israel had made an end of slaying all the inhabitants of Ai in the field . . . that all the Israelites returned unto Ai and smote it with the edge of the sword. And so it was that all fell that day, both men and women were twelve thousand, even all the men of Ai. For Joshua drew not his hand back wherewith he stretched out the spear, until he had utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai."*

And then he turned on other cities—Gibeon and Beth-horon and Azekah and Makkedah from Gazan in the country of Goshen even until Gibeon. *"He left none remaining but utterly destroyed all that breathed."* But at one point Joshua found a job that was more than a day's work—before Beth-horon. He just couldn't get all his slaughtering done—he worked with the sword and it may be the women and children were a little tough. The Lord helped him mightily, however, by launching one of the first aerial bombardments known in history—*"The Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah and they died."* But evening was coming on—knocking-off time—and presently it would be dark and half a townful of non-combatants still unbutchered. *"Then spake Joshua to the Lord . . . and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."* And so Joshua finished the job on overtime. This is war. And if it is all right for the General of the Lord, why is it not all right for the Son of Heaven?

In a later day—the day of chivalry—a new idea came into fashion. Because warriors fought hand to hand in battle and were each well armored against the other, it got to be looked upon as not quite cricket to cut down a woman or a child or an old man who was not able to defend himself. But war is not fought under those conditions any more. The soldier is hardly any better defended than the non-combatant. And there is hardly such a thing as a non-combatant. The nation fights with its money, its factories, its farms, its railroads. War is no longer army against army but population against population.

Upon this principle seemingly all modern armies will operate. The Germans sent dirigibles over "peaceful" London. They bombed French villages from the air. Rebel Spaniards rain death upon the cities of their own people and Loyalist Spain replies in kind. We may think we will never do such a thing. But can you not remember the savage glee with which Americans looked forward to the Allied armies' entering Germany?

The bitter truth is that there is no such thing as civilized war. It is the negation of civilization. And the most fatuous of all the pacifists are those who spend their time thinking up new means to make war humane and civilized.

I don't like any better than the next one dropping bombs upon women and old men in town, who are in town, by the way, because they are no use in the field. And I don't like pumping machine-gun bullets into young men in the armies who are dragged from the peaceful town by their dictators and jingoes and who have just as much right to their lives as the folks in town, and are just as much hurt when they are mangled by shells and suffocated by gases as are the non-combatants in the town, and who have to submit to a good deal more of this kind of thing.

Shooting up children and knocking off innocent little ambassadors is less gentle and more messy and rottener in every way. But it's all so bad, so unintelligent, so cruel, so utterly rotten that it is worse than stupid to suppose you can civilize it by sparing the people in town and limiting the butchery to the young men who have been yanked out of town so that they may be murdered in accordance with the brave standards of civilized warfare.

I am utterly sick of the polite stirrings of nice people who think they can soften war by making rules for it as if it were a bridge game, of those who imagine they can end it with their silly little treaties; above all, of those many times confounded militarists who tell us that war is to be made impossible by the accumulation of armaments. We cannot end war anywhere. But we can keep out of it. We cannot, however, while we are willing to gamble the peace of a nation to save a few paltry millions of profits in the Orient—and as long as a President of the United States is willing to violate the law and even defy it in this gamble.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Narcissi and Titian

Five Hundred Self-Portraits, chosen and edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. New York: The Oxford University Press. 527 pages. $3.

Titian Paintings and Drawings. With an introduction by Hans Tietze. New York: The Oxford University Press. 365 pages. $2.50.

PEOPLE who expect to visit the exhibitions this season would do well to possess themselves of this book of auto-portraits from antique times to the present day in sculpture, painting, drawing and engraving. It makes you think of those inspired galleries at the Uffizi where so many artists are to be seen as they saw themselves—some of the portraits collected, some on invitation donated by contemporary artists—and of the books on death masks. It has first of all a great human curiosity, these men as they looked whom you have known through their works and through stories and legends about them, these pictured men indeed who are persons in themselves, characters whether distinguished or not. There is also the strong quality of fiction, for in picture after picture the invention of themselves rather than the plain facts is more than evident—a provision aptly provided by some of Herr Goldscheider's selections. And finally it is an important book on style. The human face being virtually the same object from century to century and turned thus during the respective centuries into painting, serves as a norm upon which is based the expressive treatments: through the relation between the plain actuality and the painting from it the style appears. That such a collection is a mine of private psychology, so to speak, and of the moods, tempers and fashions of periods, goes without saying.

The great Alberti in the early fifteenth century said that when Narcissus saw his reflection in the water and trembled at the beauty of his own face, he was the real inventor of painting. And the painters and sculptors who in one century after another have gazed into the mirror, trying to grasp their own personalities, have seen there beauty of some sort or other that led them into its creation or perpetuity, though, as the editor of this volume says, "the features that their mirrors revealed and their works reproduced may have been still empty and unformed by the hand of Life, or disfigured by the sorrow and the burden of their labor." But when in the same introduction he speaks of the essential difference in the outlook of the pictorial and the literary artist, and states that one sees all in the surface of things, while the other considers the changing phenomena of the world as a mere mask of imperishable and invisible truth, he is talking the most astonishing rot. It is one of those cases where you are obliged to wonder why, if this is the way he thinks about it, a man ever got into the subject at all.

It is one of those cases, too, that make you ask yourself whether a man should not stay either in one realm or another, paint or words, and not cross from painting to writing, or vice versa. Did not Michelangelo say that because the beauty of this world is fragile and deceitful he sought to attain the universal and eternal beauty? And what poet ever trusted less to the "surface of things" than Botticelli, who forced what he looked on into an unreality, and even into lines that carry outside the bounds of the picture and its frame, in order to express or imply those Neo-Platonistic abstractions that under the lead of Ficino he absorbed at the Medici court? Indeed this was a tendency in Botticelli so strong as to make him deny and desert at last the practice of painting altogether when it seemed to him merely idle and pagan with the world and empty of all things, even of hope.

With regard to the painter and the surface, we might take the Dutch and Flemish masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as the very final examples of those who aimed at the minutest facts of what they saw, painting with great care features, clothes, furniture, carpets, fruits, flowers, bees, viscera, excrement, and the last edges of light and dark. And good or bad, according to the case, what they got created was *surfaceness,* as we might call it, a quality which was no more in the actuality they painted than any other quality was, not until they painted it there. What we should say is not that the painter sees all in the surface of things but that he forces the surface, the visual, to express all that he can make possible to it.

The earliest known self-portrait is, according to our editor, that of Ni-ankh-Ptah from a pyramid near Sakkara; there is another Egyptian one, and then—a copy of it is in the British Museum—that of Phidias on the shield of the Parthenon Athena, or so Plutarch says, and one legend has it that it was for this impiety that Phidias was put into prison, where he died. No little surprise might be felt at the frequency with which certain artists have portrayed themselves. There are, for example, a good number of paintings and drawings in which Albrecht Dürer did himself—this collection gives nine of them—varying from the famous portrait in Munich, so often reproduced, to others homelier (and no small shock after that idealization), to studies of himself for a figure of Christ. Michelangelo, who as Raphael said, walked the streets of Rome like an executioner, proves nevertheless to be the first Renaissance artist who did himself in caricature: in the flayed skin of St. Bartholomew from the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. A little earlier Parmigiano had done himself in a convex mirror, but only the gigantic hand is grotesque. It is not without point, if you choose so, to learn that among all painters the moody and tragic Rembrandt stands out as the chief master of self-portraits. There exist, in painting, etching or drawing, more than a hundred.

Numberless observations could be made in the course of these many records that artists have made of themselves. Courbet, usually thought of as realistic, what with the incident of his getting up his own rival show and hammering his way into the public eye, pictures himself in "L'Homme Blessé" as a knock-out beauty, and as not too plain in the charming "Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet." Caravaggio has his David holding up a Goliath's head that is the painter's own, livid, with great eyes, black beard, masses of black hair and gaping mouth. Zurbaran has himself in profile, standing with palette in hand and gazing up at a crucifix. Corot, known until recently, when his figures have been praised, as a painter of dreamy trees and woods and nymphs, looks the matter-of-fact bourgeois that he was; Géricault in the epoch's romantic melancholy sits brooding in a chair, with properties near—two skulls, a palette and a classic plaster cast. And true to form, the English Bon-

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nington, who lived so short a time—he died at twenty-six—and left so few pictures and of such promise, paints himself, tall, slim, at his easel, with his back to us. Modigliani is a Pierrot with a pinched nose, one black eye and one blank one, and in God knows what colors.

The volume on Titian contains 350 reproductions, and shows effectively the line of this great painter's development. There was first that early kinship to Giorgione. Afterwards came the period when he was official painter to the Venetian Republic, painter to the Emperor Charles and the Court of Spain, was the friend of princes, and had an international reputation that forced him to become the organizer of a vast enterprise with many assistants and made him a power. This position and the mental attitude it implied helped to bring Titian into opposition to much of the artistic life of his own country and deepened his separation, in most cases to be expected as an artist grows old, from the rising generations of painters. From this inward loneliness, as the editor says in his introduction, sprang Titian's style in his last period. He was no longer seeking favors, he turned in upon his noble self. His wide influence now became spiritually profound and enduring. His pupils carried on the imitation of his art; but he lives in his real followers, such painters as Tintoretto, Rubens, Velasquez, Poussin, Watteau and the French Impressionists—you could not imagine them or imagine the painting of the last three centuries without him.

It can do no harm to note that where publishers ask four, eight, ten dollars and up for so many art books, these two fine volumes, with ten times as many illustrations, a good many in color, and excellent ones, are priced within the reach of everybody. STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

No matter what were the different political views of him held by different parties, Jesus would think of the President as a man like other men.—*The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, writing in Liberty.*

It is to be presumed that attempts to spread germs will not be directed against troops in the field but against the civilian population in the remoter enemy territory. To use it against soldiers would entail great dangers to the attacking troops.—*From a discussion of germ warfare in Deutsche Wehr, a German military paper, quoted in The New York Times.*

One may even wonder if the alleged untidiness of the English is not almost entirely due to the presence of countless Irish settlers. It may even be true to say that the greater part of the paper left in the streets of London during the Coronation was left there by Irish visitors.—*Article in Birkenhead's News (London), quoted in The New Statesman.*

James H. R. Cromwell, who recently visited in Russia with his wife, the former Doris Duke, observed that communism doesn't prevail in Russia. . . . "The only vestige of communism remaining is that the state controls the instruments of production."—*From an interview published in Mr. Hearst's Los Angeles Examiner.*

COLUMNIST BITES SLUM-DWELLERS

It has been estimated that 90 percent of all families with incomes of $3,000 a year or under live beyond their means. —*Dorothy Thompson, in her syndicated column.*

STORMY WEATHER

The sun will cease to shine and the stars will no longer move in their courses before the American Federation of Labor will surrender to this minority [the CIO].—*Quotation from William Green's Labor Day speech, published in The Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

WONDERS-OF-SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Small boys being forced unwillingly to wash their faces may be hotbeds of future radicalism. . . . Men who are radicals more often talk in their sleep than the non-radicals. . . . Women radicals talk in their sleep less often.—*Report of Dr. Maurice H. Krout of Chicago City Junior College to the American Psychological Association, quoted in a Science Service dispatch to The New York World-Telegram.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Praise of Bishop Barnes

SIR: Your department, "The Bandwagon," usually hits the mark, but occasionally you inadvertently pillory an individual with great inappropriateness and unfairness. This is true of your quotation in the issue of September 22 from Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, England, in which he suggests that the indiscriminate destruction of men and women by airplane raids in future wars may be valuable as it will have an equalizing effect upon the sexes. Those of your readers who do not know that Bishop Barnes is one of the leaders of the Christian Pacifists in England may get a wrong impression from that quotation and miss the element of irony in it. Instead of being pilloried in the company which is usual in "The Bandwagon," Bishop Barnes deserves honorable mention from The New Republic for his forthright attitude on many issues, including birth control, the development of a more humane attitude toward the problem of divorce, economic change and war.

Auburn, N. Y. JOHN C. BENNETT.

A New College

SIR: In a month or six weeks I hope to be able to send you news of a new college. Over the week-end of September 17-19, a group of more than thirty people met at the site of the proposed college, near Hightstown, New Jersey, to inspect the architect's model and to round out the plan—a college rooted in the life of a combined agricultural and industrial community and intended to deal experimentally with the forces and problems of social change.

We feel that experimental education can be thoroughly practised only when that education is community-based; that is, where education can be tested in real conditions.

Far from being an ordinary institution which takes the student away from the world, this college will take him into the world. We expect to offer students the chance to combine experience in normal occupations with critical examination of those occupations and experiences, and so help him to develop intelligence under the conditions that, today, call for intelligence; that is, for effective leadership in farmer, labor, coöperative and other progressive movements.

The college is to be experimental in its technique, but it is to be carried on within a general frame of reference, namely, the fuller

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development of American democracy. At a conference in July it was decided that this new institution should be called Veblen College. Thorstein Veblen was a realistic thinker in economic and social areas, and a rebel against all forms of exploitation and shams. His thinking is indigenously American. It appeals to all liberal men, yet bears no party label.

The moving spirit in the organization of this college has been Professor Herbert F. Rudd, of the University of New Hampshire, but the founding group now includes more than fifty men and women, all of whom have found in this movement the chance to crystallize feelings they have long entertained. As I have said, we hope to make full announcement of the plans of the college within six weeks. Meanwhile, anyone interested in the proposal may obtain further information by writing to Veblen College, 1107 Broadway, New York City.

JOSEPH K. HART.
Amenia, N. Y. Chairman, Organizing Committee.

Movies and Masses

SIR: Friend Dwight Macdonald's protest against the protests that Edmund Wilson's protest against the movie magnates aroused [The New Republic, September 8] would make cynicism an exclusive vice of the fascists. In asserting this, Macdonald echoes a too frequently heard libel and one which many liberals are tired of hearing. According to him, if you believe the masses lack taste, that they are generally ignorant, not very intelligent, and, on the whole, that they fall far short of even the modest demands that could be made of the human being, why, then, you become a menace to democracy, liberty and the highest interests of humanity.

If I had the space, it would be easy to show that the history of the past 6,000 years justifies a cynicism as to the masses. It would be easy, too, to point to the cynicism implicit in the activities of every reformer or revolutionary from Moses to Lenin. The masses have always been reluctant to show their superior qualities; they have had to be educated, or forced, to recognize and receive the millennium. . . .

But I hope you will allow me to affirm that I, along with countless others, am anxious to help in making this world a better place to live in—which doesn't force me to take the unhistoric and unreal position of finding that anything the masses do or think is fine. I do think that Hollywood is a fair index of our civilization, and I even believe that the American masses indulge in frightful horrors and obscenities because they like them. I don't think the hordes of people who flock to Dick Powell, Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor (the most popular actors as their films are the most popular pictures) do so in reluctant desperation, as Macdonald implies. The American people lap up pictures of an appalling mediocrity; just go to your neighborhood movie to see if they don't. It's ludicrous to say that their obvious enthusiasm for the tripe is "because they get no chance to flock to anything else."

In short, the taste of the masses in their selection of movies, as in so many other cultural fields, is lousy, but that doesn't make me draw the *nonsequitur* that "fascism is then too good for us." That's emotional, hysterical blubbering. Since when do we have to lose the masses to help them and ourselves?

New York City. FRANK J. MANHEIM.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Supreme Court Justice Black has defenders among our correspondents. L. C. Carter, a native Alabamian now living in New York City, says Mr. Justice Black is a disciple of Spinoza, and any follower of that philosophy couldn't believe in radical intolerance, no matter what his past connection with the Klan may have been. . . . City Councilman Will H. Kindig of Los Angeles remarks: "Justice Black is probably no more attached to the Klan, even if he is a member, than anyone belonging to the Knights of Columbus is attached to the political machine of the Vatican."

Commenting on Jonathan Mitchell's article, "Roosevelt's Far Eastern Policy," in our issue of September 22, George Warner Jr. rejects the possibility that war sentiment might arise among Protestant churches anxious to protect their missionaries in China. He says, "Some years ago the Methodist Church made the extraordinary statement that they utterly repudiated the time-worn tradition that Americans and their institutions had a right to demand armed protection in times of crisis." Mr. Warner asserts, moreover, that they have lived up to this pledge and he is convinced that Protestant churches are sincerely pacifist. . . . Ilma Dannels, of Iowa State College, likes our editorials on Far Eastern affairs and hopes this country will never let itself be drawn into an armed dispute.

Donald G. Kobler, secretary of Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, calls our attention to the need for scholarships to train labor leaders among the tenant farmers and other impoverished and exploited groups in the South. Lee Hays, who is organizing a workers' program in dramatics at Commonwealth, says there is a need for books and plays, particularly items with a proletarian background, and he would also welcome back copies of theatrical and left-wing magazines containing screen criticism.

Pauline Pickett, corresponding secretary of the Chicago Citizens' Rights Committee, writes to thank us for the editorial in our issue of September 22 commenting on the report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Memorial Day incident in South Chicago. She says this report has been issued in pamphlet form and copies may be obtained at 10 cents each or $5 per hundred from the Chicago Citizens' Rights Committee, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

B. Levin, of New York City, says: "In his book review of Eugene Tarlé's 'Bonaparte' [The New Republic, August 11] Herman Simpson made a 'slight' error. Peter Kropotkin was not a Marxist and his 'La Grande Revolution' was not written from the Marxist standpoint."

Dorothy West, editor, sends us notice that the first issue of New Challenge, a literary quarterly established primarily as a vehicle for progressive-minded Negro writers, is soon to appear. Editorial offices are at 371 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York City. In defining the spirit of the magazine, Miss West says: "We feel that the literary efforts of Negro writers must be placed in proper perspective with regard to the life of the Negro masses and not as phenomena connected with white patrons who have a flair for the sensational and melodramatic."

What's on the Air?

Notable speakers in widely varied fields are heard in speeches broadcast during sessions of the annual forum on current affairs conducted by The New York Herald Tribune. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mayor LaGuardia, Mrs. Ogden Reid and others are scheduled for the opening session, 9:30 to 10:30 A.M., on Monday, October 4, NBC-Blue Network. Later the same morning Frederic and Irene Joliot-Curie are heard 11:45 to 12 noon, NBC-Red Network; and the afternoon session is broadcast in its entirety, 2:30 to 5 P.M., with Dorothy Thompson, Soviet Ambassador Troyanovsky, Assistant Editor Graham Hutton of The London Economist and President James G. Stahlman of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association among the speakers, NBC-Blue Network. The evening session, with Bruce Barton, Dr. Thomas Parran, Dr. George Gallup, J. Edgar Hoover and Mrs. Vincent Astor as speakers, is broadcast 9 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

On Tuesday, October 5, the entire afternoon session of The Herald Tribune Forum from 2 to 5:30 P.M. again is broadcast over the NBC-Blue Network. The general topic is "Some Proposed Changes in Government" and the speakers include Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, General Hugh S. Johnson, President Homer Martin of the United Automobile Workers, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, Dr. Stanley High, Governor Philip La Follette of Wisconsin and Frank R. Kent. The evening session, 10 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network, deals with the status of war throughout the world and the speakers' list includes President Roosevelt, Professor Edwin M. Borchard of Yale and Assistant Secretary of State Francis Bowes Sayre.

Musical programs of the week include Kirsten Flagstad as soloist with a symphony orchestra directed by Jose Iturbi, 9 to 10 P.M., Sunday, October 3, CBS; and the first of the current season's concerts from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Saturday, October 9, 11 A.M. to 12 noon, CBS.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Discourse on Jewry

IN THESE days when the Jews are turned into a problem for their neighbors and have become a puzzle to themselves, the world stands in need of the work Professor Baron has given us.[1] To be sure, his book is ineptly named. It is less a history of the Jews than a discourse on that history—or, more accurately, a discourse on Jewish civilization throughout the ages. Therefore it presents no chronological flow of biography and events; discussion takes the place of narration; and what may mislead anyone who turns to it for a consecutive chronicle, a great number of the most elementary details are taken for granted. The author assumes that the reader already knows many of the main facts of Biblical history and much of what happened in the succeeding centuries.

But as a discourse, as a body of views and analyses, on the long experience of the Jewish people, it is magnificent—indeed the most ambitious and successful effort of its kind. The author exhibits the major processes which molded that experience, and he uses masses of detail—lives, events, statistics—not for themselves but to illuminate social, economic and cultural drifts. He makes the reader understand—at least as the author understands it—the wherefores and therefores of the Jewish past and present. If two volumes laden with facts do not satisfy the reader, he will find additional stores, carefully weighed in the scales of scholarship, in a third volume containing lengthy notes and 139 pages of bibliography. And while Professor Baron is hardly a stylist and the debris of pruning and patching mars too many pages, his work as a whole reads simply and easily.

Jewish civilization, so the author tells us, was determined by a peculiar view of life. Social and economic conditions have played their part, and they are never dropped from sight. But, in the beginning, almost identical conditions prevailed among Israel's neighbors; and the factor that made Jewish history differ from Phoenician, Moabite or Philistine lay in a vision to which the Jewish religion gave form and expression.

In this vision, as Professor Baron phrases it (and he has Nietzsche as a perhaps unwelcome ally), man and the world, history and nature, are forever opposed, even if forever mingled. Judaism "is a *historical* religion in permanent contrast to all *natural* religions." Its basic concepts, festivals and commandments claim a historical origin deriving from a dated event or divine interposition; and its goal lies in a fixed, though unknown, date when " 'history' will finally vanquish 'nature,' even changing its very course, for in that day 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb' and, in general, nature will be transformed into a community." Meanwhile, the ideal of life is "not mastery over nature, but independence of it"—not asceticism or trampling nature underfoot, but living according to divine law which liberates man from the dictates of nature. Together with this ideal goes "an affirmation of life as it realizes itself through history."

It may be easy to pick flaws in this neat and condensed phrasing of a vision which the Bible, the Talmud and hundreds of commentaries cannot for all their bulk encompass. But it would be hard to find a better, and probably impossible to find a flawless, formula. As it is, Professor Baron manages to fit into his definition the origin and career of Judaism, the survival of Jewry after the fall of Judea, the renunciation of statehood and political ambitions, the community of interests which nevertheless held Jewry together through the subsequent checkered centuries, the rise and fall of sects and literary and philosophic schools, the conflict between the Jew and his neighbors, the riddle and meaning of Jewish internationalism, and a recipe for Jewry today together with a chart for tomorrow. This is about all anybody can expect of one definition.

In the elaboration of his formula, which penetrates nearly every nook of Jewish history over half the earth, Professor Baron is happiest in the period preceding the destruction of the Jewish state. The comparative simplicity of pre-exilic life and its geographical compression give his theme a ready-made unity. But the Dispersion and the Middle Ages become as confused and confusing in the author's pages as they were in reality. He tries to conquer this confusion by chapter tags and subheadings—in vain. He should have used sterner methods and gained at least apparent coherence by grouping together his material by subject matter—economics, politics, philosophy, relation of church and synagogue, etc.—and letting time and place fall into secondary line. Moreover the book would have gained by it as a reference work.

Two "laws" which Professor Baron discovers in post-Biblical history seem questionable at best. "The status of the Jews," reads one of these laws, "was most favorable in states . . . in which several ethnic groups were included, none having the position of a dominant majority; [and] least favorable in national states where state and nationality, in the ethnic sense, were more or less identical." The exceptions are so numerous—for example, the unfavorable status of the Jews in such ethnically mixed societies as the Byzantine Empire, Switzerland and the Barbary States, as well as the favorable status in united France after the Revolution or in the ethnically pure Scandinavian lands—that the "law" becomes merely a dubious observation.

The second "law" declares that "whenever society as a whole controls economic life through intricate regimentation . . . the Jews do not fare so well as under a liberalist regime where state interference is limited." Its validity depends of course on what is meant by faring well. Opponents of assimilation used to think that the Jews as Jews fared badly in the freedom of liberalist Europe; and proponents of assimilation think that the Jews are faring splendidly in the regimented Soviet republic.

So, too, a number of minor points are open to question. But all together these are petty defects which will blind no one to the major merits of a stupendous work. Above all, the author stands out as a professor too big to be confined to scholarly cloisters. He views the past always with an eye to extracting its significance for the present. And when his survey of the past is complete he is bold enough to devote a hundred pages to an analysis and judgment of the contemporary scene, and even to exhortation and prophecy—which is against all the trade-union rules of a professional historian.

He points out the current threats to the survival of Jewry: its top-heavy economic structure (too many in-

[1] A Social and Religious History of the Jews, by Salo Wittmayer Baron. New York: Columbia University Press. 3 vols., 1,278 pages. $11.50.

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tellectuals and petty merchants!); its diminishing birth rate; its abysmal poverty; its feeble religious life; its dire need for new areas of settlement which cannot be found. He appraises the menace of fascism and communism.

For himself, he looks forward, as did the prophets of old, to a new internationalism—a "new superior human unity" after the crash of our present nationalist order. He foresees a new socialism, "as yet unpredictable" and "differing greatly from its present Russian models." And he concludes with genuine prophetic optimism that, despite and indeed through suffering, "the Jewish people and their religion *are* going to survive." Meanwhile, even as he interprets the past in a spirit of moderated orthodoxy, he counsels for the immediate future a sane balance between tradition and innovation. New paths must be opened, but the old messianic goal must not be abandoned.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL.

Perfidious Albion

England Expects Every American to Do His Duty, by Quincy Howe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 250 pages. $2.

IT USED to be a thesis of Mr. Alleyne Ireland that the United States has never been independent. Certainly after the treaty of Ghent the United States quickly resumed its colonial status. Most of the foreign money needed for the development of the virgin territory came from London, and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street exercised the power of the creditor in American finance. The common inheritance of language and literature operated to make American culture parasitic. Where British and American political interests came into sharp conflict, as in Mexico, there was tension; and in the Civil War Great Britain put her money on the wrong horse. Now and then the vague sense of being used became an acute irritation to the American public, but it was soothed by British balm, of which no better example can be found than Lord Salisbury's courteous refusal to take seriously President Cleveland's rodomontade over Venezuela.

From the time when Canning set Secretary John Quincy Adams at work to pull the chestnuts out of the South American fire, the history of American diplomacy shows constant marks of British influence, the most recent instance being Mr. Hull's imposition of an embargo against the Spanish Republic. Twice this influence has been potent in leading the United States into war—first when Sir Julian Pauncefote brought to naught the effort of European ambassadors to halt our disgraceful affair with Spain, and second when we were eased into the World War. In the latter case the financial whip had passed into American hands, and it was a triumph of subtlety to make us use it to scourge ourselves. Now, with another world war in the offing, it is more than ever vital for Britain to maintain and control the power of the United States in world affairs.

Mr. Howe explains the British network, cultural and social, by which this control is maintained, and draws illustrations of its present exercise. He examines the declining state of the British Empire and finds its only salvation in the continuance of a relation with the United States that will logically lead to an alliance in case of war. His conclusion is that we have the choice between fighting the battle of Great Britain for the continuance of a *status quo* in which it remains an imperial power, or maintaining our aloofness and letting nature take its course. Mr. Howe leaves us in no doubt as to his own view, based upon the essentially immoral character of the British Empire, as illustrated by the exploitation of India, the undermining of China, the rape of the Boer republics, and upon the specious pretense that an alliance with it means anything for democracy. Such an association with a body already eaten by gangrene exposes us to infection from its corruption. It deprives us of our participation in the new life of the world to spring from a new social order.

It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Howe, but it is necessary to recognize clearly the dilemma. If cultural, financial and political forces are strong enough to keep us within the orbit of the British system, at least let us know clearly that we do so for our own reasons based on the kind of world we want. Never again must we surrender, as once before, the independence of the United States to the influence of British propaganda, the arrogance of British interference with our legislatures, courts and cabinets, the treachery of ambassadors, or the subservience of those whom Mr. Lamont felicitously describes as "the best people who lived along the Eastern seaboard."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Man of the Forest

Animal Treasure, by Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 325 pages. $3.

MR. SANDERSON'S book has the subtitle: "A Naturalist in Search of Strange Creatures." And that, exactly, is what he is. Sparing us the tedious first chapters of most exploration books—the detailed description of equipment and food, the voyage out, the establishment of a base, the supposed-to-be-amusing antics of the natives—Mr. Sanderson begins where he ought to begin: in the forest.

His particular forest, in "Animal Treasure," is the British Cameroons in West Africa. The reason for the expedition, he tells us, was his conviction that most methods of zoölogical research were outmoded. He felt that enough data had been assembled, and that what was needed was more first-hand observation of living animals in their natural surroundings. "Animal Treasure" proves the correctness of Mr. Sanderson's point of view. Concise, intelligent, often witty and constantly interesting, it is particularly appealing to those who have been led to believe that African wild life is composed solely of big game and tse-tse flies. The author is most interested in small creatures presumed to be of interest only to zoölogists and scarcely ever mentioned in most accounts of expeditions—the hairy frog, the scaly anteater, the whistling skink.

These, and many other strange and little-known creatures, are the cast of characters. Not content with the animals to be found in the underbrush, the author and his two associates scaled the highest trees to observe "the flying continent"; and then to discover what lived beneath the jungle floor, they rolled back a marsh, "like the crust of a pie," pulling out rare finds from the two-foot topsoil.

Mr. Sanderson found new species, settled controversies of long standing and collected—one presumes—a substantial body of scientific data. Only on this score can one find fault with "Animal Treasure." Mr. Sanderson is too good a naturalist to skimp, and yet he seems to have studiously avoided any detailed examination of the scientific questions he himself brings up—either this or he was prevailed upon by his editor to cut his book for the benefit of the general reader. In either case, one wishes that he had given us some of the notes that he turned in to the British Museum.

ETOLIA BASSO.

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Syphilis

Shadow on the Land: Syphilis, by Thomas Parran. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 318 pages. $2.50.

Ten Million Americans Have It! by S. William Becker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 220 pages. $1.35.

PERHAPS the most significant development in public-health education in recent years is the removal of the mask from the "Great Imitator," a term applied to syphilis by Sir William Osler because in its late stages it simulates almost every disease known to man. Since he became director of the venereal-disease section of the United States Public Health Service, later as Commissioner of Health of New York State, and more recently as Surgeon General, Dr. Parran, the author of "Shadow on the Land," has displayed leadership of the highest quality in the conquest of syphilis and in efforts to expose the facts of this devastating disease to the light of public knowledge and consideration. Here is a timely, straightforward story of the disease and of its implications for the individual and for the nation.

Dr. Parran observes that our mistaken identification of the syphilitic with the sinful has obscured the fact that syphilis is no respector of persons and classes. Many infections are acquired innocently; a surprisingly large number of unnecessary congenital problems of early incapacity or handicap date back to a syphilitic infection that was not adequately treated (each year 60,000 children are born in the United States with congenital syphilis). Traditional taboos interfere; many infections are not recognized in the early, curable stages (less than one-half of the cases seek treatment or are recognized within the first year of the disease). Too many cases are first treated by the quack or the incompetent; all early infections are dangerous to others (at least one-half million persons are diagnosed annually as syphilitic); end results constitute a great problem of the dependent, the delinquent, the unemployable. Not the least important item is the report that one million potential mothers in the United States now have or have had syphilis; yet the assertion is made, on the basis of much evidence, that syphilis can be stamped out.

This curable disease is contagious; it is more common than scarlet fever, twice as frequent as tuberculosis and a hundred times as frequent in appearance as infantile paralysis. It is believed to be responsible for 10 percent of all insanity, for 18 percent of all diseases of the heart, for most still-births and for many early deaths of infants.

He gives us a simple formula for action. "Teamwork of government, professions, industry and citizens, plus money for drugs and facilities, plus trained personnel for finding cases, for treating cases and for teaching the nation the importance of doing them well equals the eradication of syphilis." Emphasis is given to the importance of thinking of syphilis "scientifically as a dangerous communicable disease, which it is; rather than moralistically as a punishment for sin, which it often is not. Also we must learn that this is everybody's business. That everybody is endangered by the present status; that everybody pays for it, whether or not afflicted by the disease; that no one agency is big enough or clever enough to do everybody's job alone."

"Ten Million Americans Have It!" is a concise treatise dealing exclusively with syphilis, written by an associate professor of Dermatology and Syphilology of the University of Chicago. It is intended primarily for individuals having no special knowledge of medicine. Practical and encouraging information is given for infected individuals as well as for nurses, social workers, educators, clergymen and other public-spirited or professional readers who may be interested in the outlook from modern methods of treatment. Following chapters dealing with the history of the disease and a description of the organism which causes syphilis, consideration is given to the general course of the disease, diagnosis, treatment, possible cure, social and public-health factors. Good illustrations supplement an interesting and instructive text.

IRA V. HISCOCK, M. D.

International Spring

Tomorrow's Phoenix, by Ruth Lechlitner. New York: The Alcestis Press. 64 pages. $3.

IN A WORLD given over to many an argument on art and propaganda, it is good to come upon a writer who answers the problem creatively. Ruth Lechlitner is a sound and timely poet. Her work is robust and natural and the tone radical or, better still, international. "Tomorrow's Phoenix" is a first book and, as in so many first volumes, Spring plays the lead, but plays it with a difference: "Spring is an international season." The poet has arrived at this conviction—not through trial and error or through embracing one ism after another—to find herself at the barricades, Russian, Spanish or Chinese. She was born with temper and steel at a time when these instruments are needed by races involved in a mutual tragedy, our own included. As an American, Miss Lechlitner would have done better financially by writing a book on How to Make Friends: her poems will earn more enemies than dollars. A woman who writes with her fists, as well as her heart and intelligence, will annoy the old Romans among us. Not to mention the romantic, the defeatist, the escapist, and the schoolboys of T. S. Eliot.

The lines have a muscular drive and clarity unknown to the poet of doubt, and decapitate capitalist and dictator with Rabelaisian gusto. Here is the core of the class struggle and

> Whatever is good
> Shall be shared when we can say:
> We are mature now in our brotherhood.

This poet, unlike so many professional proletarians, is never nostalgic or sentimental. She has the most scientific apparatus at her command and shapes it toward an emotional impact. Her metaphors are never rhetorical. And when she employs the metrical schemes of the past (the now popular sprung rhythms of Father Hopkins), or writes variations on a line by some older American (Vachel Lindsay or Ezra Pound), the result is never scholastic, always engaging. The book is decidedly quotable, but should be read as a whole. Here is more than a tidbit, composed in the American language:

> God's still on the job, you say. (Don't laugh in church.)
> But the God you see won't wear collective pants,
> And all those darling mathematical cherubim
> Are exponent-egos, rugged individuals.
> Worship, ride home, tune in:
> Hark while an unseen, well fed Radiant Voice
> Tells how he scrapes the seven mystic stains
> From his algebraic teeth.

From this we may well conclude that no matter how the world goes, the artist is not to be regimented—not without damage to the world.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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Truth Lushed to Earth

Progress of Stories, by Laura Riding. New York: Random House. $2.50.

A Trojan Ending, by Laura Riding. New York: Random House. $2.50.

IN HER preface to "Progress of Stories" Miss Riding explains that her function as a writer is truth-telling rather than story-telling, and complains that many of her readers are too limited in understanding to want to follow her when she makes things plain. Consequently, she says, they become irritated and revengeful. But "Progress of Stories" gives one good grounds to question her right to put the whole onus on these readers. It is mainly a collection of fairy tales for adults, its characters phantasms who undergo magical metamorphoses, find themselves in never-never lands, and conduct a ceaseless and deeply involved flow of self-analysis. It is almost impossible to follow the turns and twists of the mental gymnastics, particularly as one is rarely able to find any clue to their general direction. There seems to be a plea for a more Hans Andersenish outlook, and for more truth in fiction but, except in one or two stories, general obscurity speaks the last word.

"A Trojan Ending" is not obscure. Finding a parallel between Mycenean Troy and civilization today, Miss Riding presents the siege of Troy from this angle. Cressida, made the representative of the two ages ("the only two in which so much courage survives so much fear"), is pulled out of her niche as a symbol of female faithlessness and turned into a grave, philosophical pacifist, accepting Diomedes only because she wants to live to record the history of Troy. Other main characters are also given an entirely new coat of paint: Troilus becomes a rather querulous little man and Achilles a likable, humane sort of person, very upset by his killing of Hector. There may be something here for the critical historian; otherwise this novel is topheavy with semi-philosophical argument and historical dissertations. The sparkle and drama of the legendary story are gone, with only a dull treatise to take their place.

RICHARD VAUGHAN.

Man Against Money—Old Style

The First Rebel, by Neil H. Swanson. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 407 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK presents one of the most interesting of the "lost chapters" of the colonial frontier. It recounts the story of the first armed uprising of American colonists against British regulars and their defeat of the famous Black Watch Highlanders at Fort Loudon, Pennsylvania, ten years before Lexington. During the Seven Years' War, the Indians who harried the frontier had been supplied with French guns; when Britain won the war the Indians passed under British domination, and the Crown, ignorantly hoping that the Indians would become faithful soldiers of imperialism, began supplying them with arms from London via Philadelphia. But the Indians continued to use the arms against the settlers, and the arms traffic was so profitable to the Philadelphia merchants that, when the settlers rose up to protest against what they called "licensed murder" (yes, even in those days), the merchants called out British troops to guard their flow of trade in guns and bullets. As Mr. Swanson points out, the British government had put "the right to profit above the right to life," and the conflict on the Pennsylvania frontier "was man against money—the desire of ordinary men to live with security against the desire of capital to take profits where they could be found." The successful revolt of the settlers, led by James Smith, was the first of the numerous dress rehearsals for the Revolution.

Mr. Swanson has stated the case clearly and has written an exciting life of "the first rebel," Colonel Smith. Though he occasionally overdramatizes, he has good eyes and a sensitive feeling for language. He is sympathetic to both the exploited Indian and the exploited white, but he might have made more of the plight of the Amerindians in the face of ruthless imperialist expansion. Perhaps the best thing in his book is the account of Braddock's defeat; it has that whole-seen-through-a-part quality which suggests Stendhal's marvelous description of Waterloo.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

Spies and Labor Leaders

The Labor Spy Racket, by Leo Huberman. New York: Modern Age Books. 195 pages. Paper, 35c. Cloth, 85c.

Men Who Lead Labor, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. New York: Modern Age Books. 270 pages. Paper, 35c. Cloth, 85c.

A SPY at one end of an institution," Henry Demarest Lloyd once said, "proves that there is a tyrant at the other." If that statement ever required substantiation, it is furnished to overflowing by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee in its investigation of the labor-spy and strikebreaking industry. For the most part, the press, which is always ready to headline strike violence, either ignored entirely or gave pathetically inadequate coverage to the shocking revelations concerning this industry of "union-prevention and union-smashing"—an industry in which are engaged more than 230 agencies doing an annual business estimated at $80,000,000. It was imperative that this material should not remain buried in the official records. Fortunately, Leo Huberman has told the story in "The Labor Spy Racket" with simplicity, lucidity and vigor. Thanks to the excellent low-priced edition, the story should reach the people of the United States, who *must* be informed of the activities of industrial operatives—rats and stool-pigeons in the unequivocal language of workers. It is a record that includes the stealing of union files and funds, the provoking of premature strikes, the "hooking" of workers, the organization of "law-and-order" leagues, wire-tapping, bribery, whispering campaigns, inciting to riot. It is a record more startling and sensational than any melodramatic thriller.

Successful as the labor spy has frequently been in crippling unionism, he has not been nearly so destructive as the timidity, ignorance, conservatism, corruption and outright racketeering too often found among the labor leaders themselves. This is the theme of "Men Who Lead Labor." (Incidentally, the drawings by Scott Johnston are alone worth the price of the book.) In all, a dozen of the foremost contemporary labor leaders in America are subjected to rigorous analysis by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. However, the book suffers from overambition. Not content with the difficult task of presenting the development of each labor leader, the reasons for his success or failure, the authors also make him representative of some urgent problem confronting the labor movement. In fact, most of the chapters assume the song form *a-b-a,* with the *b* section devoted to a digression on the history of the particular problem involved. Thus, of the thirty pages given to Edward F. McGrady, sixteen are a digression on labor legislation and the need for a

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DON'T BUY BLINDFOLDED!

Like most persons buying a pair of shoes, a radio, or one of the hundreds of other articles used daily, you probably find it difficult to select the brands which will give you the greatest value for your money. You have probably learned that advertised brands are not necessarily good brands and are often among the poorest. Consumers Union of United States can give you just the technical information you need in order to judge the comparative value of competing products. Below is a list of the leading reports in this month's issue of *Consumers Union Reports*, the monthly publication of Consumers Union. These reports give you the results of unbiased tests and examinations of the products listed—in most cases with ratings *in terms of brand names* as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable."

Breakfast Cereals

If Barnum were Alive . . .

He would probaly find a career in cereals, where circus tactics outweigh actual virtues as sales appeals, to his liking. A report of 37 brands, including Quaker Oats, Shredded Wheat, and Grape Nuts, shows most cereals to be cheap foods in expensive forms; gives tables showing the relative costs of brands in terms of the number of calories one cent will buy. (A cent will buy from as little at 40 calories to as much as 290 calories depending on the brand you select.)

Price-Fixing

The Tydings-Miller price-fixing bill passed in the last session of Congress raises prices, makes the high cost of living a more serious problem than it was before. An article and an editorial give the consumers's side of the story and tell what to do about price-fixing.

Oil Burners and Coal Stokers

Engineers' Advice on Heating Systems

Numerous makes of automatic oil and coal heating equipment are compared and rated on the score of efficiency and economy. Nearly a hundred makes of oil burners, coal stokers, boilers, and hand-fired coal furnaces are rated as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable."

Auto Radios

One of the 14 models in this report is rated as a "Best Buy." Two are "Not Acceptable." Arvin, Motorola, and Philco models are included in the ratings. In addition to ratings on the basis of price and quality, rankings are given on the basis of performance alone. Advice is also given on which type of auto aerial to use.

Women's Slips

Some Are Part Lead

Twenty-seven rayon and silk slips, ranging in price from 69c to $2.98, are rated on the basis of tests. A few brands were heavily weighted with lead or tin salts, a few were misleadingly labeled.

Winter Motor Oils

Household Oils & Typewriters

These reports give ratings of winter motor oils and household oils and preliminary recommendations on portable typewriters for the benefit of students and others who must buy a machine this month. Next month's issue will report in full the results of extensive tests on portable models of the best known machines.

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☐ May—Trailers, Washing Machines, and the first of a series of articles on the causes and treatment of constipation.
☐ June—Large Cameras, House Dresses, Radio Tubes, Sanitary Napkins.
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☐ Aug.-Sept. — Refrigerators, Photographic Films, Ice Cream, Inner Tubes, Raincoats.
☐ Oct.—Oil Burners & Coal Stokers, Auto Radios, Breakfast Cereals, Women's Slips.

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farmer-labor party, in which McGrady is not once mentioned. Where proper integration of sections *a, b* and *a* has been achieved, as in the chapters on William Green, John L. Lewis and Harry Bridges, the authors have done a first-rate job. Where the work has been less skillful, the telescoping of detail and the crowding of generalization are likely to prove bewildering to the large audience that so important a book ought to reach. The powerful facts in this book should come bare and direct, like a punch, not muffled in excessive commentary.

Both of these books should be read by every student of labor, but especially by every American worker. They will caution him to beware of "hooking" and other arts of the labor spy. They will show him how dangerous it is to allow his leaders to isolate themselves from rank-and-file influence and sentiment. Above all, they will teach him that his only safeguard against these and other evils lies in solid organization along industrial lines, democratic control of unions, militancy and independent political action for labor.

SAMUEL YELLEN.

Books in Brief

Poisons, Potions and Profits, by Peter Morell. New York: Knight Publishers. 292 pages. $2.

THE AMERICAN consumer has invested over a billion in radio sets and spends about four hundred million dollars annually on tubes and servicing. Commercial broadcasters who operate only by courtesy of the Federal Communications Commission have an invested capital of less than one hundred million dollars. Yet the radio listener is completely disenfranchised in the selection of his programs; and radio broadcasting today is not substantially different in content, technique or objective from the medicine-wagon spielers selling "Indian herbs" on street corners. Despite its flamboyant title and its rehashing of old consumer indictments, "Poisons, Potions and Profits" demonstrates by actual quotation the cultural degradation of American broadcasting. Broadcast studios have welcomed nostrums and advertising techniques banished by the press for more than a generation. Mr. Morell's antidote to radio advertising—a federal pure-food-and-drugs act—is, however, pretty weak medicine. Unless the federal government recaptures the air channels from profit-minded program makers, broadcasting will continue to be a publicity device even lower than the tabloid. W. M.

West of the Pecos, by Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

"West of the Pecos" is Zane Grey's latest contribution to the famed Beadle dime-novel series, and as this species is facing extinction like the buffalo, his story has forfeited the freedom of paper covers and is concealed in a cloth binding, which cramps its style. Nevertheless, despite the restricted pasturage, the virile taurine odor is still there. The setting of the story is the wild Pecos country after the Civil War, when fortunes were made by branding longhorns, and rustlers were as dangerous as the Comanche Indians who had depended on the buffalo herds. Pecos Smith was always in time to save Miss Terrill Lambeth (in masculine guise) from death or suth'n wuss'n death. In its emphasis on the special qualities of Texans, the book rests in its mad gallop of narrative to dip into a cool buffalo wallow of interpretation. Only four people are killed, not counting Mexicans. J. G.

TROTSKY

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617 pages. $3.00

HARPERS

Contributors

R. G. TUGWELL last winter resigned as Under-Secretary of Agriculture to become executive vice-president of the American Molasses Company of New York.

HENRY C. WOLFE, writer and lecturer on European affairs, is now on his way home from one of his annual tours of Central Europe.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL's most recent book, "The Jews of Germany," was published by Longmans, Green in 1936. He edited an edition in English of Montaigne's autobiography and is the author of "A World Passed By."

ETOLIA BASSO, wife of Hamilton Basso, is a student of natural history.

IRA V. HISCOCK, M. D., is professor of Public Health at Yale University School of Medicine, director of the 1937 Health Education Institute of the American Public Health Association and president of the Connecticut Conference of Social Work.

ALFRED KREYMBORG, poet, playwright and editor, has issued many books since 1908. He has recently completed a new book of poems, a three-act play and a poetic play for radio which is soon to be produced by the Columbia Workshop.

RICHARD VAUGHAN, an Englishman, is the author of a novel, "Chalk and Cheese," and the translator of Dr. Alfred Adler's "A Challenge to Mankind."

JOHN HYDE PRESTON, author of a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne and a biographical history, "Revolution: 1776," is now doing research for a history of the Civil War.

SAMUEL YELLEN is a member of the English faculty at Indiana University. He is the author of "American Labor Struggles," which was published last year.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Will Maslow and Joe Gould.

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